Saturday Night

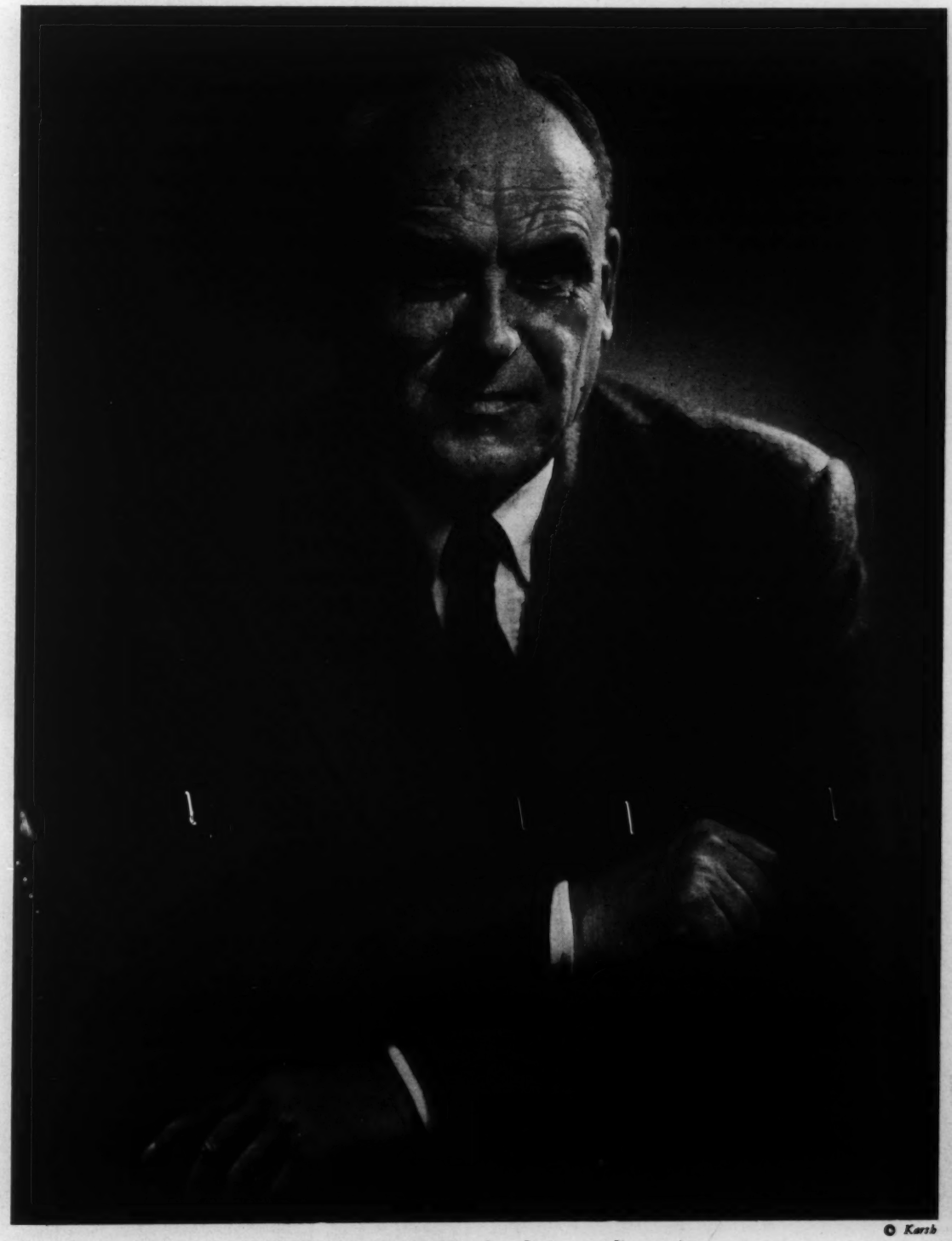
June 6, 1953 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

Thirty nations are showing their wares this week at Canada's Trade Fair. The exhibits, which cover more than a quarter million square feet of space at the Exhibition Grounds in Toronto, make up an impressive display of skill and inventiveness.

The Fair gives ample evidence that for every person who needs a tool to dig a bigger ditch or make a better cigar or bake a fluffier cake, there is another person who can meet that need. There seems to be no end to man's ability to translate ideas into machines and gadgets; but his ability to sell the things he makes is limited by the innumerable rules he has devised in attempts to control the terms of his trading.

Many of the people at the Trade Fair are worrying about some of these rules. They are wondering if tariff regulations, particularly in the United States, are going to make their job of selling even more difficult than it is now. Prime Minister St. Laurent was disturbed enough by talk of higher tariffs in the United States to make a trip to Washington last month to talk things over with President Eisenhower. He went,



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RT. HON. C. D. HOWE: Canada is a trading nation.

There's nothing to equal

'Viyella'

WASH AS WOOL—IF IT SHRINKS, WE REPLACE

THROUGH THE YEARS 'VIYELLA' SPORT SHIRTS RETAIN THEIR COLORFUL BRILLIANCE AND WASH SO BEAUTIFULLY 'VIYELLA' IS ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE—SPUN, WOVEN, AND FINISHED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LTD. SINCE 1784.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

stated some truths, and came home. Apart from that, his trip may not have accomplished a great deal.

President Eisenhower agreed with Mr. St. Laurent. Unfortunately, the President has far less influence on tariff policies than Congress has—and it is in Congress that there has been a hardening protectionist sentiment. If Congress can be persuaded to extend the Reciprocal Trade Act and approve the proposal for a joint trade board, whose job it will be to remove obstacles from the trade channels between the United States and Canada, the Prime Minister's trip will have been fruitful; but in the meantime, many Congressmen are showing a lively interest in measures which will make it easier for them to give quicker tariff protection to American industries.

Congress is expected to get down to serious debate on tariffs within the next few days. If the protectionists succeed in destroying the reciprocal trade program, they will do far more damage than that which will result to Canadian trade. For us, it could be serious enough; Canada, as Trade Minister Howe likes to say, is a trading nation, and the bulk of that trade is with the United States. But it could be much more serious for the non-Communist community, because economic cooperation is essential to military and diplomatic unity. Obviously, it will be very difficult for the United States to maintain its international foreign policy while practising economic isolation.

That is what the people at the Trade Fair, the makers and sellers of goods, are talking about this week. They are wondering what answer the law-makers in the United States have found to Prime Minister St. Laurent's searching question: "American business has always proclaimed its faith in the wholesome effects of honest competition. Is it not then the part of wisdom to widen the area of competitive trade and see if more nations cannot make their own way into prosperity and strength?"

The Care of Animals

HAVING WONDERED what animals in zoos thought about the humans who came to stare at them, we were pleased to get a sort of oblique report from Edward Yankoe, who is a zoo-keeper in Chicago. Mr. Yankoe sought a change from looking after wild animals, and unthinkingly got a job as a traffic policeman. Now he is back at his post in the zoo, because the people on the boulevards were too wild for him; he prefers creatures on four legs to those on four wheels. We still don't know what the animals think, of course, but at least we have a hint to what those thoughts might be.

Coronation Composer

AS WE listened to Dr. Healey Willan's anthem, *O Lord, Our Governour,* which was sung during the Homage in Westminster Abbey this week, we recalled a conversation we had with him shortly before he left Toronto to attend the Coronation. He was busy putting the finishing touches to two new compositions, one of them a choral work for the St. Cecilia Festival which will be held in London's Festival Hall next September.

"I can't settle down to work until the middle of the morning," he said. "I get up about 8.30 a.m., and wander around the house for a couple of hours before I get to work. It's a continental style that suits me." If his start is late, he makes up for it during the day. At 73 years of age, the five-foot ten-inch, 175-lb. composer is as active as a man 20 years his junior.

He was modest (but obviously immensely pleased) about his Coronation honor; and he was not disposed to dwell on his reputation as one of the world's authorities on church and choral music. "After all, I should know something about it," he said. "I have been learning since I was 8½, when I sang in a church choir." He could have added that he became one of the youngest members of London's Royal College of Organists at 16. He came to Canada in 1913 to head the theory department of the Royal Conservatory in Toronto.

"I am English by birth," he explained, "Irish by parentage, Canadian by adoption and Scotch by absorption." He has been an organist for most of his life, but "as an instrument the organ bores me—I play it just out of habit." He talked about his volume of original work (over 300 compositions) in the same offhand manner: "A trained musician can set even a telephone book to music." Indeed, when he was elected President of Toronto's Arts and Letters Club in 1922, he set the club's constitution to music.

His accomplishments as a composer, a performer and a teacher belie the levity of his words.

Ken Bell

DR. HEALEY WILLAN: A telephone book can be set to music.

Give and Take

ANYONE WHO has travelled about the countryside has observed the piles of rubbish dropped beside the roads from passing cars, and the litter left in lovely fields by heedless picnickers. From time to time, there are reports in local newspapers of people who have been taken into court for disposing of their garbage in this manner, but few of the offenders are caught. Still, while there is a sort of grim justice in it, we cannot recommend the method tried by Harry Decker, an Oklahoma farmer, to discourage the rubbish-tossers. Mr. Decker drove into the nearest town and unloaded two gunny sacks of tin cans on the main street; he explained he was returning debris dumped on his farm by residents of the town.

Nothing For Free

DURING THE NEXT couple of months we are going to hear a great deal about the various things we shall get "for free" if only we give our votes to such-and-such a politician or party. It will make pleasant listening only if we are able to forget that nothing is "for free"—not even the air, which involves the payment of excise and sales taxes, one way or another, if we use it for much else than breathing.

If a government promises to give its people certain bonuses or services, it must find the money to pay for these things; and it can get the money only from the people it proposes to serve. A government can return to us no more than what we pay for; and our great concern should be whether we are getting fair value for the money spent.

There are some who profess to believe that the money for a government's free spending can be obtained from taxation of profits, even though they must realize that every tax on productivity finds its way into the price of the product and, therefore, is paid by every purchaser. The profit margin is, in most cases, too thin to be sliced by taxes. Last year, the greater part of Canada's manufacturing industry averaged a profit of five cents on each dollar of sales. This five-cent profit was divided thus: 2.2 cents were paid out in dividends to the people who had invested their money in the companies, and 2.8 cents were used by the companies for the improvements and expansion necessary for economic health. At the same time, federal and provincial governments took, in taxes, 5.1 cents out of each sales dollar. Tax revenues were greater than profits, and the companies paid out to governments more than twice as much as they did to investors.

Various other pretty schemes have been worked out by power-hungry men in efforts to convince people that votes can be exchanged for "something for nothing." But all a vote can do is to help elect or defeat a political party. The elected form a government, and the government proceeds to collect taxes to supply the money it has promised to spend.

The Fight Game

MANAGERS of prize fighters, and others connected with the boxing industry, are crying that television is ruining their business. We doubt if there is any great substance to their complaint: they are notorious weepers, and in any case, the so-called blood sports still attract very large numbers of people. But if their pessimism proves well-founded, it will be one of television's finest achievements. Boxing can be a grand sport for both spectator and participant, but it needs a fresh, clean start.

Parliamentary Pay

MEMBERS of Parliament in Britain want more pay; they say that on $2800 a year they cannot make ends meet. Their complaint has inspired several Canadian newspapers to comment on the wages paid our Members for their labors at Ottawa. The Canadian MP draws $6,000 a year, $2,000 of which is expense money and not taxable; most of the newspapers do not think this is enough.

The *Windsor Star* concluded: "The time will come, and it will not be long hence, when Canadians in the Commons will be paid more. Good men are needed at Ottawa and they cannot give up most of their time without some adequate compensation."

It is true that good men are needed

The Front Page

in the House of Commons, and that good men deserve good pay for their services. There are, however, two considerations which deserve some thought.

If parliamentary pay is to be given any appreciable boost above $6000 a year, with part of it free of tax, it will be high enough to warrant public demand that the elected representatives be experts at their jobs, not amateurs going along for the ride. There are several professional politicians in the House of Commons now (although officially they are listed as doctors, lawyers, and so on), but they make up only a small part of the total membership. Higher parliamentary pay might induce more young men and women to consider politics as a profession, and to prepare themselves for it in a professional way. It would be a hazardous way of making a living, but not more so than sports or the stage.

The second consideration is that, as matters have stood during recent years, most Members of Parliament have done little, if anything, to earn a raise in pay. They have sat in the House of Commons like noisy but obedient children, thumping desks, yelling, and voting at the times and in the ways considered appropriate by their leaders. They may have gained some favors for their constituents or had some small influence on party policies in caucus. For all this, they are being well paid.

Melody Fair Men

REMEMBERING that Melody Fair was to start in Toronto on June 15, we dropped around to see Leighton Brill and Ben Kamsler, the men who have organized and staged the Fair since its start in 1951.

"We were working out in Hollywood," Mr. Brill said, "when someone mentioned Canada. I remember saying that we'd go anywhere as long as we could have our own way. Then a while later we were in New York, where Ben had been producing some shows on Broadway. We met a Toronto businessman, R. S. Lampard, who offered to finance a summer season here. And that's how Melody Fair got started. Toronto's a wealthy city. Lots of people here have offered us money to put on Broadway shows, but most of them want to be producers, too. But we insist on absolute control of any show, don't we, Ben?"

"That's right," said Ben, who is more relaxed than his white-haired partner. Also, 45 years of age, and 5 feet 6½ inches tall, he is ten years younger and 4½ inches shorter.

"There's another reason why we prefer to keep away from Broadway at the present time," Mr. Brill said. "Things are a bit haywire these days, and it costs all of $300,000 to take a chance on a new show. Here in Toronto, we can put on a complete season for possibly a third of that and be sure of money coming in all the time. The first season of Melody Fair cost $75,000. Last year a 12-week season played to 140,000 and took in over a quarter million dollars. This year, with the show at the Exhibition Grounds and the season two weeks longer, we should gross over $300,000."

"All of that," Mr. Kamsler said.

"We use big-name stars," Mr. Brill said, "but 90 per cent of the cast is Canadian. There's a tremendous amount of talent here, but it's untrained. Young singers have fine voices, but they don't seem to know anything about gestures and facial expressions. Who wants to watch a deadpan singer? I don't, and neither does Ben — do you, Ben?"

"No," Mr. Kamsler said.

"I met Ben five years ago when he was a talent scout for Paramount Pictures," Mr. Brill said. "For the past couple of years we've been dividing our time between Toronto, New York and California. This past winter we were experimenting with a similar kind of outdoor show there. Some of the Canadian company were down there with us, and next winter there'll probably be more. But every year takes its toll — mostly marriages and babies. There were seven marriages after last year's Fair, and now three singers are too busy with babies to be in the show. Why do people in this business have to go and get themselves married?"

"Don't pay any attention," Mr. Kamsler said. "He married one of the girls from the show himself."

The Smiths

BEN KAMSLER (left) and LEIGHTON BRILL: Better off Broadway.

Mental Power

RESEARCHERS now report that most people use only half the mental power which they actually possess. Scientists are notoriously conservative in their reports, and this may well be an instance of ultra-conservatism. Or perhaps their estimate is based only on class-room research. It does not seem possible that they could stick to their flattering 50 per cent figure after study of the mental power displayed, say, by motorists along any selected stretch of highway on any given day.

The Odd Section 236

SECTION 236 of the Criminal Code is an interesting bit of legislation. It says that what is illegal for some people is legal for others; it is regarded with open disrespect, and often contempt, by the greater part of the population; and the law authorities do not try to enforce it, except in odd instances and generally at the prompting of someone on the fanatic fringe, because if they tried to do so the courts would be so clogged that no other cases could be tried.

Section 236 deals with lotteries. It sets out in great detail the prohibition against "any proposal, scheme or plan for advancing, lending, giving, selling or in any way disposing of any property, by lots, cards, tickets, or any mode of chance whatsoever." But then it provides that the prohibitions, "in so far as they do not relate to any dice game, shell game, punch board or coin table, shall not apply to any agricultural fair or exhibition, or to any operator of a concession leased by any agricultural fair or exhibition board within its own grounds and operated during the period of the annual fair held on such grounds."

This means that it is illegal for an organization like a Community Club to give a car to the holder of a particular ticket to one of its events; but it is legal for a recognized Exhibition to do exactly the same thing. A service club offering chances on some valuable prize is breaking the law; but an agricultural society doing the same thing at a certain time of the year is within the law. It is wrong for a church to raffle prizes worth more than $50, but it is not wrong for some sharpie to stage a raffle as long as he has a concession at a Fair.

In other words, there are two laws, so that it is illegal for some citizens to do what is officially approved when done by others.

The section creates a preferred class within the Canadian community — a complete rejection of the doctrine that laws must apply with equal force to all citizens.

As if this were not bad enough, regulations governing lotteries are not applied with equal severity from one community to another. Indeed, to try to do so would be to bring other enforcement activity to a standstill. To enforce it in only a few cases is obvious discrimination, and breeds disrespect and contempt for the processes of law—a dangerous condition which could corrupt and destroy respect for *all* law.

That Section 236 is not enforceable is obvious. It should be just as apparent that a law which cannot be enforced is not a law at all, and should be wiped from the statutes, to be replaced by a regulation which is realistic and just — which commands the respect of citizens and applies with equal force to all.

Not Beyond the Law

MR. JUSTICE LEBEL, of the Supreme Court of Ontario, wagged a judicial finger at the Toronto Police Commission the other day, as he explained his decision to over-rule the commission's rejection of a Toronto man's application for a license to operate a taxicab business.

He said he believed "it to be the settled law of this province that a power to license, regulate and govern does not permit of clear discrimination."

Then he gave an opinion which has pertinence in all parts of the country: a board of police commissioners, an administrative, not a judicial, body, is not "within its province . . . a law unto itself."

There are far too many agencies of government at all levels, municipal, provincial and federal, who have convinced themselves that they are above question by commoners. We need a few more decisions like that of Mr. Justice LeBel to bring them to their senses.

Personal

DR. TYRONE GUTHRIE, who will be responsible for the plays at this summer's Shakespearian Festival at Stratford, Ont., has established an international reputation as a producer and director. He is known, too, for his frank and often controversial opinions about the theatre. Some of those opinions he expresses in his article on page 7 of this issue. At least one is likely to raise a storm of protest — that "a permanent professional Community Theatre . . . is only possible with the aid of subsidy." There are at least three projects in Canada which could be cited by dissenters—Totem Theatre in Vancouver, Jupiter Theatre in Toronto and the International Players in Kingston: but whether these qualify as Community Theatres is a controversy in itself.

Letters

Broadcasting

THE "public" television picture given to us by David Croll is no more "public" than the RCMP. As far as I have been able to find out, through conversations with advertisers, etc., there has never been any claim on the part of private television interests to try and usurp the "cultural" programs currently carried by the CBC. They (the private interests) are quite willing to take their chance, with their own money, in competition with the "egg-heads" who lead us down the cultural garden path from the CBC's Jarvis St. Kremlin. "Live and let live" is not yet an outdated axiom in Canada, and there is enough room in this country for culture *and* entertainment.

Leaside, Ont. J. C. G. McCLURE

IN AN editorial on your Front Page of May 16, you deplore the CBC control of Canadian broadcasting, and make the point that radio, which is a form of publishing, should be as free of government restraint as are newspapers and magazines.

I sympathize with your sentiments in this matter, but I believe there is one fundamental difference between radio and printed forms of publishing which makes it impossible to draw a true parallel between them.

The difference is just this. In a newspaper or magazine operation, the assembling of the news and entertainment content is carried on independently of the soliciting of advertising. The newspaper and magazine seek to attract as wide a readership as possible by appealing to widely diverse interests . . . Because of the selective quality of the printed medium, a reader is able to choose only those items from the entire publication which interest him . . .

In a radio or TV station operation, however, the assembling of news and entertainment features is bound up entirely with the sale of advertising . . . Every news spot, even the announcement of the time of day, must be sold to a sponsor if the station is to operate at the maximum profit. Accordingly, each *individual* program must be designed to attract as wide a listenership as possible . . . In view of this situation, it would seem to be in the highest public interest for the CBC to fill the gap with non-commercial programs over its own stations . . .

Orillia, Ont. J. B. LAMB

WHY DO THE defenders of the CBC raise such a fuss about the need for keeping American programs out of this country, when arrangements have been made by the CBC to get TV programs from Buffalo? Perhaps the mere fact that these programs are relayed by the CBC transforms them into culture.

Toronto JAMES WILSON

Martin's Millions

HOW MANY Canadians reading your article "Martin's Millions and Mrs. Finch," accept the statement "our National Health Program is the biggest undertaking of its kind by any federal agency in the world" at its face value, and imagine that this is true? You and I know that it is not true, don't we?

This falls into the category of statements "it's not what you say but the way you say it . . . "

The majority of your readers are going to accept "federal agency" as being synonymous with "Government," and fondly imagine that Canada has the biggest National Health Program in the world.

France and Britain both have had National Health programs for years. It is not possible to give French statistics, but a simple comparison of Canadian and British aims and performance should suffice to give the lie to the statement under discussion.

Your article states that the Canadian plan will cost $250 million during the next five years alone . . . The British plan was quoted by Aneurin Bevan as costing £90,000,000 during the first year, and in actual fact a bill was run up for approximately £270,000,000 ($750,000,000) in the first year of operation.

Toronto L. A. YOUNG

IN "Martin's Millions and Mrs. Finch" by Hugh Garner (SATURDAY NIGHT, May 23), the writer states that the National Health Program came about as the result of some casual conversations between Paul Martin and Louis St. Laurent. This seems to me to be just another barb aimed at the memory of the greatest statesman Canada has ever produced, Mackenzie King, who, himself, instituted this great enterprise. He has left a heritage to which smaller men such as Martin are trying to hang their reputations . . .

Quebec City ROGER BOISON

Royal Authority

IT IS to be regretted that Mr. Jack Busby is so bored with the "splashings" of yards of copy and film on Royalty across the nation's newspapers.

Has it occurred to him that the newspapers print what is wanted by the general public and not just what he and a few others want?

Sorrento, BC A. G. POWELL

JUDGING by their letters, D. E. Livingston and his fellow "devotees of the Republican Way of Life" in "this age of iron and steel" etc. can hardly be expected to comprehend the deep spiritual basis of Monarchy.

Monarchy evolved as the focus of God-centred national life, according recognition to the unity of all Creation — spiritual and material — to which God is transcendent, and within which He is immanent. With such a concept, the life of a nation has to be ordered so that it is in harmony with the Divinely ordered Universe, and as a social communion which recognizes the sanctity of every human personality. This involves authority, which, by its nature, must be hierarchical. But, God being the Source of all Power and Authority, temporal authority should be received from Him as a sacred trust to be used to His Glory. (Any other concept would be blasphemous and lead to disaster—of which the modern world provides ample evidence.) . . .

Temporal inspiration and power can best be channelled via the ministry of a Sovereign, as head of the national family, dedicated to this sacred trust and in mystical communion with his people by an inexplicable bond of love. . .

Edmonton L. D. BYRNE

. . . BASICALLY, republicans seek a society where they need own no superior. Unfortunately, there is always somebody at the bottom whose position can only be improved by destroying his superiors. And so on, until Joe McCarthy and Peron step into the breach that intelligent authority has vacated.

Vancouver W. B. WOODWARD

Holy Deadlock

I WAS SORRY to see you reopening the debate on divorce. All the arguments for easier divorce have been heard. You have added nothing new . . . And, thank God, the arguments are still not enough to convince any thinking person of the need for easier divorce . . .

Montreal GERALD LABOUCHERE

Analyzing the Muse

IT IS obvious that T. W. Martin (May 16, "The Butchered Muse") has a sense of humor, likes poetry (without punctuation), hates biology, botany or any other analytic science.

As one who likes poetry (with punctuation), and whose business it is to try to pass on some of this appreciation to the younger set, I would be interested in knowing how he could improve on the technique of "those who so butchered the muse in the name of education".

One shuns the purely analytical approach, but surely there is a time for analysis; and if not in school, when?

Montreal M. H. STANLEY

Scriptural Support

THOSE of your readers who quote the Scriptures in support of their stand against capital punishment, would appear to have their wires crossed. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against —OTHERS" may be a nice, comforting philosophy but is not according to Holy Writ.

The victim and the victim alone, has the right to decide how far forgiveness shall be extended to his murderer and, as he is beyond reach of earthly decisions, we must call for justice from those qualified to sit in judgment upon their fellows; men who are above all petty spite and revenge and interested only in preserving law and order in our country.

Ottawa ISABEL BOAG

Charmed By Snakes

IN YOUR Letter from Montreal on May 23, Mr. Hugh MacLennan states that a water moccasin had bitten a carnival worker in that city recently, putting the man in hospital. Anyone with any feelings at all will sympathize with this poor member of God's creatures, which is placed on exhibition and lugged around the country in a carnival for the "edification" of man. Snakes, like any other bird or animal, were not placed on this earth to be tortured . . .

Winnipeg HORACE GROVES

Give it a Chance

. . . WE all know that Three-D movies are not perfected yet, but I don't think that your movie reviewer, Mary Lowrey Ross, is being quite fair in her criticisms of *Bwana Devil* and *House of Wax*. Let us give this new medium a chance before we dismiss it as a fad. Personally, any picture that stars Vincent Price *(House of Wax*—ed.) is bound to be good. And there are thousands of Price fans who will back up that statement.

Toronto (MRS.) MARY KUKOR

Authors' Market

FARLEY MOWAT, the author of "How To Be A Canadian Writer—And Survive", which appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT on May 16, appears to be disgruntled by the attitude of Canadian magazines which, he alleges, publish far too few short stories and pay too little for them . . . But a writer as experienced as Mr. Mowat should surely be aware that one of the basic rules for making a success of free-lance writing is to write for a specific market . . . Most publishers are shrewd businessmen, and if they wore a chip on their shoulders in the fashion of Mr. Mowat they might, with equal justification, complain that their time was being wasted reading articles which are utterly worthless.

Toronto O. W. JOHNSON

Notable Climbing

RE THE article "No picnic on high in Canada", Mr. Allen does not even mention Don Munday. He writes ". . . Is there any notable climbing? Is there any literature of any climbing in Canada?" I would recommend for his reading *The Unknown Mountain* by Don Munday (Hodder & Stoughton). It is a thrilling saga of a really tough battle.

LILIAN T. V. CHAMBERS

Courtenay, BC

Leisure and Pay

YOUR CORRESPONDENT, L. B. Corby, criticizes the leisurely work done by municipal employees . . . It would be a good idea for Mr. Corby to examine the wage rates for such employees. He would find that they are earning every penny they get . . .

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TORONTO

Development of Live Drama in Canada

By TYRONE GUTHRIE

IN RECENT YEARS there has been much talk about the development of Community Theatre. I am not sure what Community Theatre is; and I suspect that other people may be doubtful too. I suppose the term implies a Theatre which a community wants, and determines to create for itself, rather than accepting a ready-made product emanating from factories, whimsically known as "studios", which supply drama for mechanical distribution by film, radio or television.

First, then, Community Drama presupposes that a community is so dissatisfied with the factory products, designed for mass-consumption, that it is prepared to take active steps to supply a "custom-made" article. This again presupposes a community which is prepared to think what kind of custom-made article it will first envisage and then create.

In Canada, the professional theatre has not yet been firmly planted. It has been an import either from the United States or Britain or, in Quebec, from France.

Owing to the extreme difficulty of distributing "live" theatre in a country so sparsely populated in relation to its vast area, Canada has been a pushover for the mechanically distributed drama. Under the stress of competition from the films, the imported professional theatre has had a difficult time. Live drama only survived because of the determination, courage, persistence and skill of amateur practitioners.

It has survived; and the amateur movement in Canada has achieved world-wide respect and admiration. To some extent a Community Theatre has been created. A start has been made.

Is an Amateur Theatre, without professional leadership, capable of providing the dramatic expression with which Canada, one of the richest and consequently likely to be one of the most influential communities in the world, should be satisfied? I think not.

But before considering whether the development of the Canadian theatre should be predominantly the business of amateur or professional, let us consider whether there are any good reasons why anyone should bother to develop a Canadian theatre at all.

I would suggest that drama is, for a civilized community, not just an amenity, something with which well-off people can amuse themselves, like golf or Canasta. It is a necessity. Not, of course, a necessity in the same category as food and protection from the elements; but in precisely the same category, and for precisely the same reasons, as a university or a church or a hospital. Space forbids me to argue this point. I must merely state it as a truism. Of course, I realize that this truism has not been accepted in the Anglo-Saxon communities, because of the historical accident that learning, religion and the care of the sick have, since the Protestant Reformation, been conscientiously divorced from art.

Some forms of art, however, are now considered by the community as necessities, literature and music particularly; the former because it is regarded less as an artistic expression than as a branch of education; the latter because it has always been deemed indispensable to public worship. Even painting has become half-respectable. Every sensible person knows that individual painters are lazy, long-haired no-goods, but their works, after a decent lapse of time, can become Great Masterpieces—a painting can even occasionally turn out to be an investment; and any city, which has any pretensions at all, considers an art gallery to be a desirable adjunct to the dingy premises where fossils, stuffed birds and the horns of bison are preserved.

Drama, until recently, has been kept outside the pale of Canadian respectability. There are signs that now it is being admitted. For those of us who earn a living out of drama, such admittance would be very convenient. But I am a little apprehensive about what may happen, not to the practitioners, but to the art. There is grave danger that Drama—with a capital D—may become an Educational Subject, something that has to be rammed willy-nilly down the reluctant throats of creatures ironically named students, with all the grisly paraphernalia of examinations, marks, inspectors, and a chair at the University. Theatrical performances will then cease to be considered as entertainment. They will become practical demonstrations by Drama Classes. The community always demands a high price in return for the hallmark of its approval. It is almost impossible for an art to be thoroughly respectable without being deadly dull.

Therefore I hope that the development of Community Theatre in Canada will not tend too much in the direction of respectability. There will be every temptation to develop it so. Departments of Education are the obvious targets for appeals to public funds, and Departments of Education are only likely to part with money on condition that subsidized drama is consciously "educational".

Education authorities, in my experience, are very much readier to cough up, if a project shows signs of being Uplifting, or therapeutically remedial — the Advanced Drama brought by high-minded amateurs to lunatic asylums and penitentiaries—or will, in their opinion, conduce to a more exam-passing and job-getting attitude in young people — Shakespeare in front of beige curtains in the school hall.

They are not officially interested in projects that merely promise to be entertaining. Inside their terms of reference, they are probably right. Yet I venture to suggest that drama loses its point unless it is entertaining.

In my opinion, the most important condition for the development of Community Theatre is that the community should reject the Puritan attitude that if a thing is to be good-for-you it must be nasty. Of course this attitude is not reserved for drama. We are all inclined to believe that a medicine will be more efficacious if it tastes absolutely filthy. In the theatre, this attitude expresses itself by thinking that if a performance is entertaining, is fun, then it must be frivolous.

This, I suggest, is a fundamental error of psychological judgment. Incurably frivolous people will, it is true, demand frivolous occupation in the theatre as elsewhere; serious people, on the contrary, would like serious occupation in the theatre, as elsewhere, and are not, except in very small doses, entertained by frivolity.

THE trouble about the theatre as a commercial institution is that, in order to pay its way, it must aim to entertain an audience that is large rather than discriminating. In consequence, the theatre is nearly always offering stuff that is mentally, morally and aesthetically under-weight for the brighter members of the community; so that it has come to be regarded with a good-natured indulgence rather than respect, as an engaging but silly toy. Hardly anyone nowadays expects to go to a play and give to it the same degree of concentration that they would to learning a new card-game or driving a new machine. Through habit, they expect the theatre to demand no more of them than the passive acquiescence of the cinema audience.

Passivity simply does not do. One of the essential artistic differences between the live theatre and the prefabricated product is that the latter demands of its audience a merely passive role; the prefabricated article is completely unaltered by the audience's reaction. In the theatre, on the contrary, the audience makes or mars the performance; the audience's role is active; it *creates*, in partnership with the actors, each particular performance. A good performance can only occur when the audience is alert and appreciative; a sluggish audience creates a sluggish atmosphere.

One of the bad features of our democratic civilization is that we are all nervous of being thought different from our neighbors; not just nervous of being thought worse, but, if anything, more nervous of being thought better. We are scared to death of such adiectives as "stuck-up," "highbrow," with which the herd stigmatizes those who attempt to be a little bit adventurous in any field.

Clever people, well-educated people, serious people ought to want a different standard of entertainment from those who are less clever, worse educated or chronically frivolous. They ought to be—and of course are—dissatisfied with prefabricated entertainments, which are admittedly made for mass distribution. If we

Wetmore

AN AMATEUR GROUP rehearses for a production in Halifax. "The scope of an amateur theatre cannot but be severely limited".

are frank, then, we shall admit that the Community Theatre is bound to be more a highbrow than a lowbrow theatre, serious rather than frivolous. It need not, though this will be a danger and the target of constant attack, be a snobs' or a prigs' theatre. Also the idea of entertainment need not necessarily be submerged in education, provided that the more puritan members of the community will allow that the term entertainment does not necessarily exclude education, nor necessarily connote frivolity and sin.

Must the Community Theatre be an Amateur Theatre? Surely not. The *Comédie Française*, the Old Vic, all the subsidized theatres of Europe are, in the sense I have implied, Community Theatres. They cater for a minority of the population which is dissatisfied with factory-produced entertainment, which is conscious of certain definite standards and values which it wishes its entertainment to express. In Europe, this minority has been sufficiently pushing, or persuasive, to get for its point of view the tangible support of entire nations, expressed in the form of economic aid.

It might be argued that this was just one more instance of the Top-dog fixing things so as to have his pleasure paid for by the poor bloody Under-dog. But, in this connection, please recall that the *Comédie Française*, admittedly an aristocratic foundation, survived the French Revolution; that in Britain theatrical subsidy has always been a plank in the left-wing rather than the right-wing platform, and that the Arts Council (the medium of state-subsidy) was the creation of the Coalition Government under the stress of revolutionary conditions in the years 1940-1-2.

It is only in the newer civilizations —the United States, Canada and Australia—that the idea has not been accepted that a serious theatre, catering admittedly for a minority audience, justifies the moral, and therefore, financial support of the state.

This is obviously not because of lack of funds. The three communities which I have mentioned are three of the richest in the world. Can it be because material considerations have hitherto necessarily loomed very large in relation to the spiritual? Consequently there is a very deep-rooted belief, amounting almost to a religious belief, that if a thing is any good it will pay its way; or, conversely, that if an enterprise isn't paying its way, it can't be any good.

In present conditions, it just is not reasonable to imagine that a professional theatre, offering a consistently high standard of performance by the best artists, can possibly pay its own way. Individual productions will, it is true, be popular; and a theatre can be made to pay by the ruthless exploitation of this popularity—by running a success till it drops. But that method is incompatible with the maintenance of artistic standard.

A permanent professional Community Theatre, then, is only possible with the aid of subsidy. In Europe, private fortunes are so heavily taxed that there is no source of subsidy other than the state. In the New World, this is not the case. Whether the subsidy for a Community Theatre in Canada comes ultimately from private or public sources, or from a combination of both, is not a matter which I feel to be immediately relevant.

Now let me end by discussing briefly the question raised earlier. Can the amateurs, who have saved the live theatre in Canada, take the next step, which is to make the standard of Community Theatre in Canada as high as Canadians have a right to demand? I think not.

Often an amateur actor can give as good a performance as a professional; often an amateur company gives a better performance of this play or that than a professional company. But against the particular, even frequent instance, must be set the principle. Brilliant individual amateur talent and achievements must not blind one to the fact that the scope of an amateur theatre cannot but be severely limited. A group working in its spare time, with such energy as can be spared from its bread-winning activities; working, moreover, against the inevitable limitations of small capital resources, makeshift organization, inability to be available for long tours, and so forth; such a group simply cannot compete with the efficiency of a fully professional set-up.

A Community Theatre must be relieved from the necessity of making economic solvency its first consideration, which should rather be the standard of performance. It must be professionally directed and staffed, though this need not, in my opinion, preclude the frequent use of amateur talent, paid *ad hoc* for its services, and frequent recruitment of the professional company from people who have made their start in amateur groups. Until at least one such theatre exists in Canada, the discriminating playgoer must continue to go elsewhere for his entertainment; and the ever-growing number of youngsters who wish to express themselves in any of the various fields of theatrical art, whether as writers, directors, designers, actors or technicians, must likewise go elsewhere—a loss which the community can ill afford.

•

Lute Song

There is little time
And that little time is passing
The oriole dropping away
In a fragrant snow of apple petals falling
Is gone
While the branches sway.

There is little time
The river is hurrying onward
The trees light-etched in shadow under the shore
Dissolve, and crumble outward
Into the river
And are no more.

There is little time,
Though this be the loveliest minute
Caught in a web of sound and scent and sight
In the apple bough
As we reach for the bloom it passes
With the changing light.

HILDA KIRKWOOD

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If Memory Serves

Ivan McGeery and the Rhode Island Red

NOW THAT picnic time is around again, I find myself remembering with nostalgia the picnics of my boyhood. Ernest Hemingway once mentioned that occasionally, on a streetcar, he caught the smell of his old regiment; this has happened to me, but instead of a regiment I smell once again the salmon sandwiches, cream soda and Crackley-Nut of thirty or more years ago.

In those days a picnic, to be worthy of the name, had to be a factory or neighborhood affair, and there was none of this effete one-family-under-a-rural-tree business (complete with knives and forks, salad dressing and a portable barbecue). Our picnics were talked about for months in advance, and savored afterwards until the snow fell. They were marked by the happy resurgence of neighborly feuds, fist fights, womanly criticism of each other's cakes, and the fishing out of canals, ponds and streams of little Jimmy Thompson, who had a strange affinity for water as long as it was not normally used for bathing.

Our neighborhood happened to be Toronto's Cabbagetown, an Anglo-Saxon workingclass district then inhabited by the most rabid, and hungry, picnickers ever turned loose against a plate of cucumber sandwiches.

Beginning around the first of May, the younger citizenry became eager joiners of all those churches and organizations that gave free picnics during the summer months. Most of us suddenly blossomed out as Anglicans, Methodists, Baptists, Sons of Scotland, junior Lions and Orange Young Britons; during the cold weather we were practising agnostics, and the only organization we took an interest in was the Juvenile Court.

One member of our gang, named Donny Garrity, used to get tickets to St. Paul's Roman Catholic Church picnic as well as to the Protestant affairs. Although we envied him, we considered him a cheat, for his father was a Catholic, and he used to make his Easter duties on purpose to get picnic tickets, while the rest of us were barred.

Almost all the picnics were held across Lake Ontario at either Port Dalhousie or Queenston Heights, and they included a round-trip passage on the excursion steamers which were then running regularly out of Toronto. Of course, the poorer churches, such as the local Gospel Hall, held their picnics on Toronto Island or in one of the other city parks, but most of us boycotted them on two counts: they didn't take us far enough, and we were expected to join in the hymn singing before they doled out the ice-cream.

All of these affairs were pretty much the same, although each had its highlights. One of these was the time a girl called Edwina something or other, who lived on Lovatt Place, eloped from the King Street Congregational picnic at Port Dalhousie with the ticket taker from the merry-go-round. And another highlight was the Hey Rube! that developed at Wabassa Park when the Boys Of Derry Orangemen's fife and drum band inadvertently marched through the picnic area occupied by a Knights of Columbus picnic from Hamilton. But the most memorable happening of all was the time Mr. McGeery won the live hen at the Brass Foundry's annual get-together at Queenston Heights.

I got to *that* picnic through a boyfriend's extra ticket; his sister was in bed with rheumatic fever.

Mr. McGeery's first name was Ivan, and his nature was sometimes as explosive as the mixture of his first and last names. During the remainder of the year he was the sober, hard-working custodian of the scrap-baler at the foundry, but on the annual picnic he emerged from his anonymity and became a roaring lion among men, a natural descendant of the people of bog and steppe.

The trip across the lake on the excursion steamer was uneventful, except for the usual fainting spell indulged in by Bobby Radcliffe's mother as soon as the ship left the shelter of Toronto Bay, and a hue and cry which developed when a small girl from Sumach Street got her head stuck in the boat deck railing.

There was a suspicious coming and going on the part of the men to the forrard wash-room, but the only sign of dissipation most showed was the doffing of their blue serge jackets, and their emergence in striped shirt sleeves and flowered arm-bands. The exception was Ivan McGeery, who became expansive and loquacious, and began giving quarters to his son Raymond. When some of us saw this, we began trailing him like Junior G-Men until he threw a handful of coins along the deck, where we scrambled for them like West Indian bumboat boys. A kid called Metcalf stepped on the toe of Mrs. Edna Turner, the terror of Blevin's Place, and got a bat on the ear for his carelessness.

THE disembarkation at Queenston was made with a minimum loss of life and limb, and the Cabbagetowners, lugging enough foodstuffs for a safari from Cairo to the Cape, made their way to the picnic area. Ahead of all the rest, and leaving his wife to carry the lunch box and the baby, was Ivan McGeery, looking like a latter-day Moses leading the foundry workers to the Promised Land.

The foremen and one or two front-office characters were waiting in attitudes of patrician dignity at the picnic grounds, where they had arrived earlier by car. As soon as Ivan spotted them, he let out an explosive roar of friendly greeting and insisted on shaking each by the hand, ruffling their carefully-donned dignity in the process. They managed to steer him into the Committee Tent, where he fell on his face in the grass in an attitude of complete abandonment of the world, the picnic, and the ingratitude of man.

Ivan remained *hors de picnic* throughout a lunch that remains in my memory only as a welter of cake crumbs, peanut-butter sandwiches, crying babies, women threatening to take a strap to kids, and the smell of parboiled tea and discarded banana peels.

After lunch, several officials (you could always tell an official by his cream-colored trousers and gold-rimmed glasses) clapped their hands for attention, turned on their best official smiles, and announced that "the first item on the agenda" would be a softball game between the Shipping Floor and the Buffing Shop. The crowd moved out to the sports field, with the exception of the dish-washing detail, women with sleeping babies, and Ivan McGeery.

Following the softball game came the races, which went off without mishap, except that afterwards some of the women complained that the winner of the Egg-and-Spoon Race, Mrs. Edna Turner, had stuck her egg to the spoon with chewing gum. They were very careful, however, not to complain to her face.

THE last event of the afternoon caused the most interest, for it was the Live Hen Catching Contest. Hens, whether alive or dead, were the scarcest edible commodity in Cabbagetown, and the only time most families ate chicken was at Christmas.

Several officials formed the men into a wide ring, while the Plant Superintendent (who kept his vest and jacket buttoned up all through the picnic, probably as a mark of office) moved into the centre, gingerly holding at arms' length an indignant red hen. Some of the contestants had taken off their shoes for speedier hen-catching, while others were poised on the edge of the arena like sprinters ready for a fifty-yard dash. Just as the Plant Superintendent was ready to set the bird loose there came an unearthly cry from outside the ring of contestants and Ivan McGeery hove into view, clutching a paper cup in one hand and a bottle of discolored liquid in the other.

The Superintendent almost dropped the bird through sheer fright, but recovered himself in time and stared with officious displeasure at his erstwhile scrap-baler, who was roaring at the top of his voice and waving his bottle around his head like a lethal weapon. Finding himself outstared by the recalcitrant and unrepentant McGeery, he tried to recover his aplomb by means of a series of throat-clearing coughs. Then, with undignified haste, he dropped the hen to the ground, shouted, "Off!" in a cracked falsetto, and beat a hasty retreat to safety.

The circle of men broke as they

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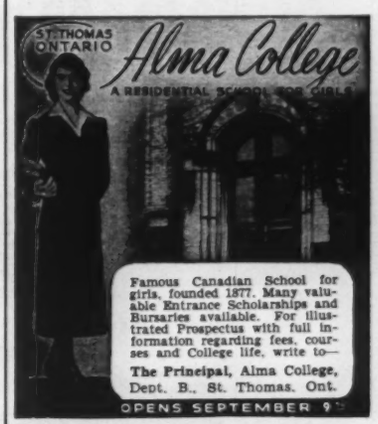
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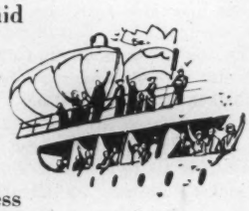

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made a wild rush towards the hen, which flew back and forth emitting frightened clucks, and with a mad beating of wings. A man named Hollowell, who was our next door neighbor at the time, grabbed it, but let it drop with a painful cry as if it had been charged with electricity. Another man grabbed the caroming bird, but he too let it go, grabbing at his shoeless foot. Milling around in the middle of the mob was Ivan McGeery, stamping madly on the stockinged feet of those without shoes and swinging his bottle threateningly at those with shoes on.

The crowd fell back as if hit by a swinging beam, and McGeery, all competition eliminated, scooped the hen into his arms and roared his defiance at the world.

There were cries of pain, frustration and hatred from the mob, and the Superintendent was gesticulating wildly to a pair of his cream-flanelled underlings. McGeery stroked the hen, and spoke to it with a drunkard's sentimental tenderness. Gradually the crowd filtered back to the edge of the open space, where Ivan's wife was clutching her brood about her and wailing like an air-raid siren. Ivan McGeery was impervious to everything but his prize.

Nobody spoke to him on the boat trip home, and he sat in solitary majesty on the ship's fan-tail, stroking the little red hen and watching the ship's wake bubble effervescently in the moonlight. Every now and then he would shout into the night, "I won't kill you, chicken. Don't worry, I won't kill you. I'll build a run for you in the yard."

About half an hour before we entered Toronto harbor, Ivan fell asleep. The hen, released now from his grasp, took one wild look to port and starboard and sailed off like an overladen gull into the moonlight, where, with a mad fluttering of wings, she swooped into the water, never to be seen again.

When Ivan awoke and found the hen was gone, he went berserk, claiming that it had been stolen from him. He dashed around the decks until grabbed by a couple of deckhands and some men from the foundry, who held him down. As we entered Toronto Bay, a police launch was waiting for us, and a subdued and crestfallen Ivan McGeery was lowered into it.

They said later that he had lost his job at the Foundry, and had moved with his family out of Cabbagetown and to some small country place. Perhaps he is there yet, one day a year roaring his defiance at the world, and on all other days raising Rhode Island Reds and looking after his wife and kids.

I like to think he is, anyway.

HUGH GARNER

•

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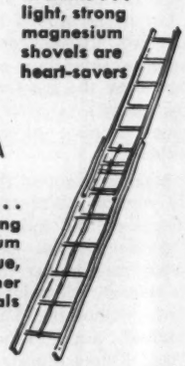

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Books

Let's Hang an Architect!

CANADA is not a country which feels strongly about architecture. As a people we are humble in what we ask of our designers and builders, and pitifully meek in our acceptance of what we are given. When the Massey Commission suggests that every big architectural venture should begin with a competition for a design, we nod our heads; but when, not long afterward, the Dominion Government gives the task of designing a National Library to a firm of architects without any hint of such a competition, few of us think of protesting. Yet we have, in this country, unique and splendid opportunities to erect wonderful buildings and plan superb cities, for we have that inestimable boon—plenty of space.

We should really change our attitude toward architecture and architects. It was Disraeli who said: "Suppose an architect were hanged. Terror has its inspiration, as well as competition." Suppose we hanged an architect, with perhaps a speculative builder to keep him company; it might do wonders to improve the appearance of our country. For, make no mistake about it, architecture as a serious art can hardly be said to exist in Canada, outside of a few big cities, and even these are full of eyesores.

Of course, we are never taught anything about architecture. Canadian children are instructed in the elements of music, and are given some suggestions as to how they should look at pictures, but unless they climb to the uppermost branches of the academic tree nobody ever tells them how to look at buildings, or suggests that buildings can be things of great beauty. We prate about "interior decoration," but nobody hints that it is fruitless to attempt to do anything first-rate with the interior of a nasty little box. Our advertising copywriters goad us on toward flights of Nice Nellyism which they call "gracious living," but how are we to live graciously in wretchedly designed buildings? As Canada becomes more and more an urban and industrial country, it is necessary for us to look critically at our buildings and our cities.

AN INTERESTING and important consideration of an essential part of town planning was made by CIAM (Congrès Internationaux d'Architecture Moderne) and published in a handsome book called *The Heart of the City;* it contains reports of addresses made by J. L. Sert of New York, Le Corbusier of Paris, Walter Gropius of Harvard, J. B. Bakema of Rotterdam, and a number of other architects and planners of international reputation.

The discussion is about the core of the modern city—the open space, the heart, in which citizens may meet for pleasure, celebrations, refreshment, protests, and every other sort of important community gathering. This core is not a park, though it may contain gardens and trees; it is essentially an architectural creation. It is for people on foot, and it is important that cars should be kept out of it. It is not a market, and advertising in it must be controlled if it is to keep its beauty. It is not a sports ground. It may be a village green in England, or it may be the Square of St. Peter's in Rome. It is a place to walk, to talk, to see and be seen. It is the heart of a community, large or small.

The discussions of this idea are all interesting, but they are of strikingly different merit. They range from the noble plans of Le Corbusier to the Recreation Director enthusiasms of Dr. G. Scott Williamson of London, who is obsessed by the notion that the home is the touchstone of everything that is good. Architects, more than other artists, like to theorize about human life, and some of their philosophizing reflects more credit on the goodness of their hearts than the clarity of their thought. They have, like all artists, a jargon, and it is a jargon which jars upon the literary critic. But their enthusiasm is infectious, and their hope is beautiful. Architects must always be the most optimistic and hopeful of artists, for they are engaged in an endless struggle against mankind's ingrained tendency to live like the beasts that perish.

The description which the architects who compose CIAM give of themselves is significant: "CIAM is made up of architects and town planners from all the five continents; troublesome fellows with independent minds, who have been working and meeting together for 23 years. Inspired by a common faith and determination, they offer you a solution: build up again good fellowship amongst yourselves, take an active part at the core of our rapidly changing world. You belong to Mr. Boum's party and in ordinary life you are a grocer: CIAM will help you to be a citizen and an individual. It will put you in touch with the infinite cosmos and with the common forms of nature—with God and with the spirits of the earth. It will provide you with places and buildings where you can live a full life, both in mind and body, so that you will no longer be crushed, but can rise up and shine."

Have you ever thought that better, more beautiful buildings—not simply a better house or place of work for yourself—would help you to rise up and shine? The chances are that, if you are Canadian born and bred, this notion has not occurred to you.

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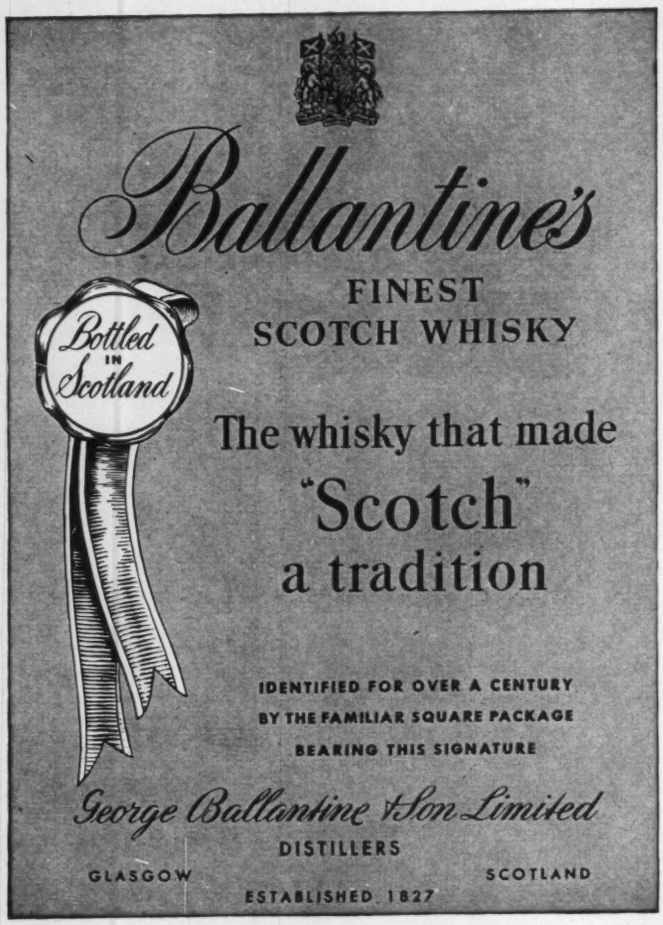


the world? What we lack is the desire for something better than now exists; we think of community growth simply as growth in bulk, rather than growth in beauty and convenience. In the building of our cities and towns — perhaps we should say the haphazard heaping-together of these places—we have copied the worst tricks of the European 19th century speculative builders. When we have felt the need of ornament we have set up weather-resistant waxworks of dead politicians in bronze frock coats. The pattern for the average Canadian city appears to have been Belfast. But we can still insist that the pattern for the future be a noble one.

The beginning, for many people, will, I hope, be a careful perusal of this book. It is an exciting introduction to a glorious and vitally important art. For architecture affects the lives of us all as none of the other arts can hope to do.

O, that Canada possessed some writers on architecture who could strip the scales from our eyes as Osbert Lancaster and John Betjeman have done in Britain! If a draughtsman with Lancaster's sardonic eye would draw for us the façades of some of our Canadian streets, we should see them as photographs, and as our own untrained and unassisted eyes can never do. But much of what Betjeman has to say is as valid for Canada as it is for England. His latest book, *First and Last Loves*, contains passages on Victorian Gothic, and on the work of such men as Butterfield, Waterhouse, Norman Shaw and others, which we can enjoy almost at first hand, for Canada is full of imitations (usually clumsy) of what they built.

Betjeman is valuable because he can see what is beautiful, as well as what is absurd, in Victorian building. The yearning toward Gothic, and medievalism in general, was a literary aberration in architecture, but it sprang from the eternal hopefulness of architects, to which I have already referred. "Build as if you were building for the Knights of the Round Table," these men seemed to say, "and bankers and lawyers and wholesalers will *become* like the Knights of the Round Table." Alas, their notions of what the Knights of the Round Table were really like were founded on insufficient and prejudiced evidence. But their intention was good, and because they were true artists much of their work was good.

It is time we stopped laughing at Victorian architecture and tried to understand it, and distinguish the good in it from the bad. In Canada a few fine buildings of Victorian design have been hopelessly mutilated by people who have not understood them and the true quality which was theirs. Betjeman is the pleasantest fellow in the world to introduce you to the beauties of a type of building of which Canada still affords some unspoiled examples.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

THE HEART OF THE CITY—by the members of CIAM—pp. 176 and index—fine pictures and diagrams—*Clarke, Irwin*—$12.

FIRST AND LAST LOVES—by John Betjeman—pp. 232 and index—photographs and fine sketches by John Piper—*Musson*—$4.

In Brief

A HOUSE OF HER OWN—by Robert F. Mirvish—pp. 312—*McLeod*—$4.00.

The author is as extraordinary as his characters. He is an American, a wanderer, yet has become a Canadian writer, in that he has chosen to live in Canada and to write short stories and plays which the CBC produces. This first novel suggests his previous writing experience. Settings and dialogue are economically focussed, his characters sharply etched. Another trick: explanation of his characters, like a playwright indulging in long prefaces.

Every profession has its mainspring of desire and ambition. According to Mr. Mirvish's credible story, practitioners of the oldest profession aim to get a house of their own; not chintz and children but a good, steady, respectable business which will keep a girl in clover after her personal stint of service to male humanity is terminated by her fading bloom. The trouble is — and this theme gives the novel its plot—few of the girls have as hard a head and heart as Bonita.

Bonita's life is the Hotel Internacional, her personal creation and the best brothel for miles around the Venezuelan coastal town. At 13 she was a prostitute. At 20 she was mistress of her fate. Others emulate her success. None succeeds, in this novel. Margo looks like the girl most likely to succeed, but she falls in love. Her frantic love and her Shane, an honest kept man, are well portrayed.

A kind, somewhat sad story, unusually interesting, but despite its theme, neither lurid nor sentimental.

HERE'S HOW TO PLAY MONEY GOLF — by Morie Morrison — pp. 64 — *Doubleday* — $2.00.

The author is a here's-how expert in various sports. This on golf is not as rakish as its cartoon suggests. It contains some good sensible advice, apart from expert shots, and a golfer who has not read a book since he left school need not fear that in acquiring this text he has become a book-worm. Good-humored, not too arch.

THE BRIGHT BATTALIONS—by Howard Breslin—pp. 325—*McGraw-Hill*—$4.20.

Montcalm's eyes snap and the French defences manned by his "bright battalions" from the Ohio to Quebec move to their inevitable date in history, 1759. As Lieutenant O'Connor, the novel's Irish hero, is told at solid Fort Frontenac when he compares it with his wooden palisades at Carillon (Ticonderoga), not yet faced with stone: "When you have served New France as long as I have, you will discover that nothing, *mais rien!* gets finished soon."

O'Connor remains buoyant, even at the end of the book when he seeks employment, as an artillery officer, at Quebec, the city on the rock "that will never be taken by any enemy."

Mr. Breslin's long historical research in preparation for this book seems to have dulled his novelistic edge. School libraries should revel in the story. Others will find its colored history attractive and admire its detail.

THE WILD OHIO—by Bart Spicer—pp. 328—*Dodd, Mead*—$3.25.

Covered wagons and powdered wigs go into the Ohio country. It is wild be-

cause it is frontier, not a rampaging river. The novel is mixed spice of history, hardship, sentiment, cunning and noble souls. Colonel Crosbie, basically decent guide of the waggon train, modest ladies exclaiming at the extravagant dimensions of a hunting shirt, and assorted other romantic and real characters powder the pages. A fabulous bit of Americana—French *emigrés* fleeing the Paris mob of 1789 trek eastward to imaginary estates—and the material for a fabulous movie, *sans doute*. Hollywood will probably brush up the book's little French—*pas du tout*, not *pas de tout*, Mr. Spicer.

TORBEG—by Grace Campbell—pp. 311—*Collins*—$3.50.

An extraordinary conjunction has occurred this spring in Canadian writing. Two novels on similar foreign themes have been written by two Canadian women. One is the replete, fast-moving and impassionately historical *As the Rowans Go Gay* by Josephine Lewis. This good and interesting first novel, published in Scotland, has previously been noted here. Its cores are the Jacobite rebellions in Scotland of 1715 and 1745. Miss Campbell is already established as a prominent Canadian novelist; her *Torbeg* centres on the uprisings of 1745 and Prince Charlie.

Why should two Canadian novelists, by chance at the same time, take the same Scottish lost cause as their theme? The world is neither's oyster; one must search near home for the answer. In theme and treatment both novels reveal the dichotomy of most Canadians. The flesh is Canadian; the blood is of an Old Country. When a Canadian goes back to that Old Country, as Miss Campbell did on two visits which begot this novel, the heart warms and the imagination rises; Canada becomes alien corn. One may question the artistic validity of the novel but not its emotional springs.

Torbeg is charged with exciting incidents, landscape, Scottish national and family tragedy. The danger and glory must speak to the hearts of readers of Scottish ancestry. Others may feel like titillated tourists in Scotland, listening to the spiel of a fond guide. There are charming glimpses of Prince Charlie.

WINSOME FOR WINNERS — by David J. Murphy—pp. 216—*Dent*—$2.00.

A barmy book about bookies, tipsters, flutterers and hangers-on to the turf. These should find it dashed funny, by Jove! Winsome makes a career of being Master Tipster. Even the horses are guaranteed to be entirely fictitious.

THE GREAT WASH—by Gerald Kersh—pp. 245—*British Book Service*—$3.00.

When Gerald Kersh first made his appearance as a writer, shortly after the war, it looked as though his was a talent of extraordinary interest. Rich in his use of language, fertile (if shallow) in his invention of character, brilliant in creating atmosphere and incident, he looked like a coming Strong Man in contemporary fiction. But he has not grown, and in this latest novel he shows signs of tired and careless work.

This is an adventure story in which a group of immensely wealthy men, calling themselves the Sciocrats, plan to melt the Arctic icecap of the world with super-bombs designed by a mad genius called Kurt Brevis; they will people the remaining islands after the Great Wash, or tidal wave, with their chosen few. They are thwarted in their wicked scheme by two Englishmen, a novelist and a newspaperman.

This is no daffier than the plot of many a good story, but Kersh asks us to inhale too much gaseous romance, couched in such terms as this: "When in doubt, stare your reflection out of countenance, turn the mirror face-down, and think of great music." This novel will be intolerable to any reader over sixteen, and we pray that Mr. Kersh will be restored to his senses and his talent very soon. T. J. A.

Country Pleasures

LAUGHTER ON THE STAIRS — by Beverley Nichols—pp. 256 and fine decorations by William McLaren—*Clarke, Irwin*—$3.25.

Faced with the task of reviewing a book by Mr. Beverley Nichols, I feel an unaccustomed measure of embarrassment. I do not know quite where to take hold of him. I have read most of his books, for reasons which I would be at a loss to explain, but they have not made any profound impression on me. He writes for SATURDAY NIGHT, and I would like to do him proud, but I must keep my critical balance. His life is so utterly unlike my own, and his problems so foreign to me, that we are creatures of utterly different worlds, and I fear to do him injustice.

In this book, for instance, he confesses his fear that a bat may become entangled in his hair. Now I have much more hair than he, if I may judge from his photographs, and this morbid dread never tortures me, even in the battiest recesses of my dwelling. He describes policemen in terms of gladioli; I never describe policemen at all. He is very proud of his gift for arranging flowers; I have never attempted this task, for I have always been able to find considerable numbers of beautiful women who gladly do it for me; Mr. Nichols does not like women to touch his things. He judges the moral worth of people by whether they like, or dislike, geraniums; my standards, though quaint, are decidedly not horticultural. He does not like billiards because people dispose themselves in undecorative attitudes when they play; I am the worst billiards man in the world, but I love it, outthrust haunches, shirtsleeves, cigars and all.

Are these trivialities? Well then, let us plunge deeper into the wells of the spirit. Mr. Nichols, in his really profound moments, wonders why cats, who are so lovable, want to be beastly to mice, who are lovable too, and birds, who are utterly lovable. But he concludes that this is "part of a mystery which it is not given to us, as yet, to understand". The intellectual humility of such a statement leaves me speechless. Indeed, in his finer moments—when, so to speak, he pulls out the tremulant and turns the *Vox humana* to full—I do not feel like criticizing Mr. Nichols at all, even favorably; I just want to bare my head and wish that I had lived a nobler life. Yet, as a critic, I must pay tribute to the literary skill with which Mr. Nichols conveys the catch in the throat which overcomes him when he feels the sheer beauty of English countryside. It is not a bit easy to write like Mr. Nichols, or to set down one's opinions with such disarming unselfconsciousness.

Though not a sequel to *Merry Hall*, this book continues the history of the writer's country home, and admirers of Mr. Nichols will find that it is in his happiest vein. It contains some extremely funny passages, for Mr. Nichols can be funny intentionally, as well as unintentionally. It is not derogation, but a special form of praise, to say that women will like it better than men. It will sell like hotcakes, and find its way to the bedside tables in half a million chintzy guestrooms. R. D.

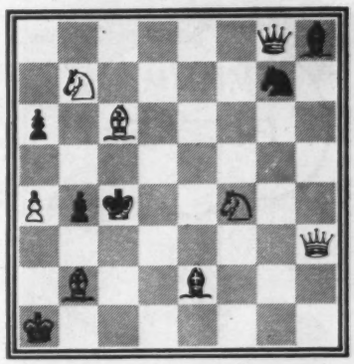
Chess Problem

EMOST widely known of all the Arabian chess problems is Dilaram's Mate or The Maiden's Problem, this second name likely an earlier one. A story that became attached to it concerns a certain nobleman inordinately given to gambling on his skill at chess, who on this occasion actually staked his wife Dilaram on a game. As the game progressed against the worthy opponent, so the nobleman's anxiety mounted until the problem position was reached, with the mating of his King apparently unavoidable. While he sat there dismayed, the clever Dilaram happened to glance at the board, and with commendable insight quickly cried out, "Sacrifice your two Rooks and not me!"

This agreeable spot of fiction attained the greatest popularity, and has been handed down in song and story through many centuries. The problem is from the lost as-Suli MS. of the ninth century:

White: K on QR4; Rs on KR1 and KR4; B on KR3; Kt on KKt4; Ps on KB6 and KKt6. Black: K on KKt1; Rs on QKt1 and QKt7; Kt on QB5. White to play and win.

Problem No. 16, by "Centaur."
Black—Seven Pieces.



White—Seven Pieces.
White to play and mate in two.

The as-Suli problem above is actually a mate in six. To understand the solution one must bear in mind that the Biship (Alfil) of that time jumped to the second square in any direction diagonally. At best it commanded four squares only, at each corner of a square embracing 5x5 board squares. Here it is:

1.R-R8ch, KxR; 2.B-B5ch, R-R7; 3.RxRch, K-Kt1; 4.R-R8ch, KxR; 5.P-Kt7ch, K-Kt1; 6.Kt-R6 mate.

Solution of Problem No. 15

Key-move 1.Q-Q4, threatening 2.Q-B6 mate. If Q-QB4; 2.RxB mate. If Q-K4 or Kt-K4; 2.KtxB mate. If Q-KB4; 2.Q-Kt7 mate. If R-K3 or 4; 2.KtxKt mate.

The pinned Queen interferes with each black Rook and the Bishop in turn, for three objective Queen self-interferences. One variation is achieved by the device of pinning the white Queen. Theoretically four such interferences are possible, but have never been attained.

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The Passing Show

Gambling—The Ruling Racket

TAKING a tip from Sir Winston Churchill's realistic assessment of gambling as a source of government revenue, the U.S. Congress legalized gaming to the extent of requiring bookmakers to be licensed at $50 per copy per annum. When Sir Winston was Chancellor of the Exchequer, with the avidity common to all top tax-men, he concluded that Britain's bobbies would be more useful chasing burglars than pursuing bookies, albeit the talents employed in each calling are so alike as to be almost identical.

Chancellor Churchill observed that gentry in Pall Mall clubs had their betting commissioners. These operated from de luxe suites. The poor man had his betting commissioner in the poor man's club—the pub. This was illegal until Churchill changed it by licensing bookies.

The anomaly in the U.S. is that whereas a bookie runs the risk of removal from circulation by Uncle Sam if he fails to buy a license to operate, he incurs similar hazard at the hands of the local carabinieri in any State but Nevada, if he uses the Federal license as warranty of occupation.

Canada at one time had even more stringent anti-lottery laws, whereby the winner of a sweepstakes could be informed on and the informer would divide the lottery loot—after taxes. But now the sweepstakes winners in Canada are celebrated and, along with all their surviving and hopeful relatives, get their pictures in the papers.

Gambling is more than a popular pastime; it's a passion. Obliged by law to be underground if not underworld, it thrives as a leading industry controlled by *syndicats anonymes*, whose brasher brass are periodically exposed by crusading prosecutors, as in New York and Chicago. Then the public is aroused at sordid disclosures of bribery and corruption. Temporary hard times engulf the bookies and bet-runners, then some strip-teaser bumps off some playboy, or vice versa, in the merry-go-round of vice and the bookies revive business at the same old stands.

ONE OF THE shrewdest gambling moguls of the Mid-West came to me when I was an editor in New York. He was a specious chap and very good to his mother. The term "gambler," in his case as with many such, is terminologically inaccurate. He wagered on knowledge, not hunches.

This day he wanted an introduction to the financial editor of a national news service. He was warned that an introduction would not advance his enterprise, that he might even be thrown out on his ear. It developed that what he wanted was a preview of the Clearing House close-of-business figures. On these figures at that time was based the winning number in "policy" betting all over the U.S. and Canada.

This merchant of chance who never took a chance if he could help it, was willing to pay $20,000 a week for this advance information, to be disseminated by special wire service costing millions yearly. He was duly thrown out on his ear.

This example is a clue to the opulence of organized gambling. It was illustrated typically in the brief but dazzling fiscal career of one Flegenheimer, better known as Dutch Schultz, king of the numbers or policy racket which had its myriads of cells in barber shops, lunch wagon, drug stores, beauty parlors (for the co-ed trade), even in church basements.

Schultz led a charmed life for a decade or so, although he was shot at so often by bad marksmen that he had to use metal polish for bath soap. He escaped the hospitality of the police, but where the law of society could not expunge his one-man cartel, mob law did.

The Dutchman, as he was known to political retainers, violated hoodlum etiquette by invading foreign territory in New Jersey and was rubbed out in broad daylight while conferring with lieutenants in a Newark cafe.

THAT kind of abrupt thug justice has been routine since the days of Jack Rose and Gyp the Blood, and it's invariably tied to illicit gaming franchises. Scarface Al Capone received me in audience one day in a regal apartment in a South Side Chicago hotel. The hotel was one of Capone's minor assets; its cellar was occupied, appropriately, by a shooting gallery where his liegemen had ample practice. Capone sat enthroned behind a mahogany desk with guns akimbo, regally indifferent to his desecration of a portrait of Abraham Lincoln above his head.

Pricked by a query, he arose, the livid scar on his left jowl a pale crescent in the flushed skin.

"Talk about rackets," he jeered in his harsh bouncer's twang. "Everybody's got a racket!" To stress that point he displayed pictures of a venerable municipal justice, then in the news for his reform role, gamboling amid bathing beauties on a Florida beach. "Talk about booze and dope and white slave rackets. You can have those." (Al had his generous moments.) "Give me the slot machines and the books and you can have everything else."

These slot machines, or one-armed bandits, remain a plague. Police seize and smash them by tens of thousands every year in periods of non-connivance; but the factories that produce them proceed undisturbed. They even accommodate the young with penny slot machines, miniature affairs that twirl the same fruit salads as the machines of higher denomination.

Income tax sleuths, energetic and inexorable, still have uncovered only clues to the fabulous millions parlayed by organized gambling every year, every month, every week, every day, including Sundays. Elegant gaming establishments (such as the defunct Bradley's in Palm Beach and the lush dice and roulette emporia of Reno and Las Vegas and Saratoga, and poker palaces of elite speculators) thrive, while the horse parlors that handle millions of two-dollar daily doubles are immune from census.

Race tracks outdraw baseball, football and hockey combined, and the numbers of horse players who despise pari-mutuels, preferring the rare risk of welshing by off-track bookies, are not only uncounted but uncountable—and unaccountable.

There's no cure for gambling, but there can be control. The public treasury could garner elusive millions by making common sense more common by taxing betting as a business instead of forcing it underground to become the financial arsenal of the underworld. Meanwhile, a practical rule for the noviciate (the technical term is sucker) is: Never bet on anything you can't talk to.

JOHN B. KENNEDY

•

On Gaff Topsail

No wood-smoke feathers through the sundered rocks,
No track runs through the bog, nobody walks
Through the breast high firs as uniform as trees
Cut from a many-folded paper. No one sees
The thin mist swirling from a cauldron in the rocks
Where summer brews her heady cordials. No one walks
Or dwells amongst the clouds' unnumbered flocks.

Yet I could live here, finding much content:
Mornings I'd watch the sunrise slash a rent
Across the dripping arras of dark sky.
Shod in leather, skirted in wool, I would defy
All but the mightiest of storms, and pick my way
To the dwarf fir clenched on the crag, and taste the spray
Of seven cascades in a single day.

O full of wonders is the rose fringed heath
That wears its pools of labradorite, its cool wreath
Of haze, its upturned coral cups of moss,
And porcelain bells of blueberry, and creamy floss
Of cotton grass. All weathers I would poke and pry
Amassing riches; and with quartz and agates buy
A year of grace, a coil of brook, the lonely sky.

LENORE A. PRATT

Foreign Affairs

Retreat From Strasbourg To Locarno

THE KINDEST VERDICT on Churchill's famous peace speech, which threatened for a while to tear the Western alliance apart, is that he was carried away by the Coronation spirit, caught up in the national mood of a new springtime in the world, and new hope and faith in one's fellowman. The reception which the British press and public, in general, gave his proposals and Attlee's companion speech, substantiates this view.

Hark to the solid *Observer*, long one of the clearest and most courageous voices of the free world: "Suddenly, after forty years' lapse, the British seem to have rediscovered the art of peace-making — and with it their national unity and their sense of purpose and pride. It is remarkable that Sir Winston's great and wise speech on peace with Russia last Monday has created the same instantaneous crystallization of national unity, and the same universal instinctive sense of rightness and confidence, as did his 'blood, sweat and tears' speech exactly thirteen years ago." If I recollect rightly — and I think I shall remember Munich after I have forgotten everything else that has happened to us — there was just about the same reception for Chamberlain's fatuous cry, "It's peace for our time!"

"The only choice before us today," continues the *Observer*, "is between a prolonged military stalemate and a negotiated peace 'based on facts.'" This is a different way of saying that we should be "realistic," concede that the Soviets have won the cold war and leave them all their vast gains. "The Russians have given clear indications that they are prepared to try for the latter alternative" —a negotiated peace "based on facts" —"and Britain has now responded to their welcome advances."

The response is eager enough, but it is to imaginary and not to "clear" indications. As Edward Crankshaw wrote in the same paper the week before: "One thing is certain: while the Moscow press continues to speak gentle words, Malenkov and his associates have undertaken no action so far which has cost them anything." To Crankshaw, the paper's Soviet expert, it is "clear that Malenkov and his associates must relate all their actions, including retreats and peace moves, to the ultimate victory of Communism." Editorially, the *Observer* concedes in advance of any negotiations that "no peace settlement based on the existing balance of power, could have as its condition the liberation of the Communist countries in Eastern Europe."

Finally, her new peacemaking role demands that Britain "resume a diplomatic mobility, and think . . . not in terms of allies and enemies but of various legitimate interests to be reconciled." Of course, she is to live up to her commitments under NATO and keep her allies faithfully informed. So having just made momentous proposals for a German settlement which must deeply affect France, and for a new big power conference apparently excluding France, (without, so it is stated emphatically from London, having informed the French Embassy in advance, or the U.S. Embassy, or even the British Foreign Office), the *Observer* would now have Churchill jeopardize the American alliance by an immediate "fact-finding and exploratory meeting alone with Mr. Malenkov . . . At this fateful and hopeful moment, Britain must play her independent role." How strong is that Coronation spirit they are imbibing over there?

I am stressing the Coronation spirit and a species of spring fever, because if one had to accept this as a serious new policy line upon which the British were determined to persist, I think one would have to give up hope for the Western alliance. And it is only the Western alliance which has brought the Soviet imperialists to a halt with no more than 800 million people in their grasp.

We have no reason to believe their aims have changed. Indeed, we have just been given, through a confusion in signals between Ho, Mao and Moscow, a preview of their next great campaign, the expansion of the present Viet Minh effort in Indo-China to embrace the whole South-East Asian peninsula, one of the critical strategic areas of the world.

If the Soviets now see the governments of the Western alliance falling apart over policy and their peoples falling over themselves to grasp at peace, Sir Winston Churchill must bear his share of the blame. He is not responsible for the lamentable failure of the French to establish sound government and a more just social order, any more than he is responsible for the loathsome Senator McCarthy. But how could he, who knows from long and grim experience that the right policy is rarely popular, make himself the too-eloquent spokesman for the intense longing of the peoples for peace, in a manner which seemed to set this longing against American blindness and intransigence?

Churchill has always been first to point out that the Americans are carrying the biggest share of the burden of Western defence and 19/20th of the burden in Korea. How could he imagine that he could take an independent line in suggesting the negotiations which, it has always been assumed, would in due time cap the Western effort? Did he not consider that his new and far-reaching proposals might upset the Korean and Austrian negotiations upon whose results, as he knew very well, the American authorities were determined to base their ensuing policy? And how could he, who had understood French susceptibilities and made himself the champion of French interests during the wartime Big Three Conferences, leave France out of his plans this time while proposing new ideas for a German settlement, and discussing these at length with Adenauer?

The result is that, far from establishing the conditions for an early tête-a-tête with the Soviets, Mr. Churchill—with the help of Attlee and McCarthy—has thrown Western relations into such confusion and bitterness as to make it quite impossible that we could face the Russians now or in the near future. For his proposals, instead of confirming the strength and unity of purpose of the Western alliance, led to the exposure and exaggeration of every weakness, every suspicion, every difference between American and Briton, Frenchman and Briton.

NOT ONLY has he upset the negotiations over Korea and Austria; he has thrown into question the whole "Strasbourg" concept of uniting Western Europe, solving the German problem, and increasing Western military strength by tying German forces into a European Army, with his proposal for a Locarno-type pact.

This new Locarno is to guarantee Russia against invasion by Germany, and *vice versa*, which means Germany's Eastern frontier will have to be agreed upon. If, after a long session in Number 10 Downing Street discussing the new Locarno, Chancellor Adenauer was as pleased with it as he said he was, then he must have had some assurance that Britain would not agree to the Oder-Neisse frontier in the East. For no elected German Government can agree to this border. It is not a fair border, but to change it means to carve up Poland once again. Would any French Assembly or American Congress accept such a deal and ratify such a new Locarno?

The London *Economist* asks, under the heading "Magnificent, But Is It Policy?": "Is it quite certain that Sir Winston, without Mr. Eden at his side, can conduct simultaneously a policy of negotiation with Moscow and a policy which aims at winning the strength and loyalty of Germany for the West? And if he can do it, is it certain that the United States can cooperate so long as blood is shed in Korea; or that a French Prime Minister and the German Chancellor can keep steadily on one course while the Prime Minister steers on two?

"There is a risk, not yet generally perceived, that talks at the highest level this summer would bring down in ruins the Western defence structure on which Mr. Acheson and Mr. Bevin worked so hard, or kill all hopes of negotiation with Moscow. For what is known of Soviet terms for a German settlement suggests that they exclude any possibility of German membership in a European and Atlantic community."

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Ottawa Letter

As The Election Campaign Starts

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of the date of the general election must await the return of Prime Minister St. Laurent from the Coronation, but all parties are proceeding on the assumption that polling will be fixed for some day in August. So the directors of their strategy in the campaign are busy placing their organizations in high working gear, drumming up campaign funds and planning alluring advertisement of the bygone glories and present merits of their respective parties, while the literary artists whom they employ are hard at work producing pamphlets and brochures with the same objective.

The campaign will not have any strong momentum until the leaders of the two historic parties, between whom the real contest lies, can take the field; but meanwhile, the party tom-toms have begun to resound throughout the land, and some appraisal of the advantages and disabilities with which each party opens the campaign seems appropriate.

The Liberal party will have the advantage of the richest campaign chest, unless its present managers are a new breed of electioneering purists. It is unlikely that many of the companies and individuals, who have piled up profits from the contracts awarded to them—often on the highly lucrative "cost plus" basis—by the Department of National Defence and other governmental agencies, have not been invited to express their gratitude in tangible form. But the party with the largest campaign fund does not always win a Canadian general election.

Without a shrewd and efficient direction of expenditures and tactics, enormous sums can be expended in a campaign to no purpose. For such direction the basic responsibility lies with central headquarters of each party at Ottawa, and, at the moment, it is hard to assess whether the Liberals or the Progressive Conservatives have the better personnel for handling the heavy task before them.

The Liberals suffered a great loss through the death last year of Senator Gordon Fogo, the President of the National Liberal Federation, who was a highly successful manager of their campaign in 1949; he had acquired an intimate knowledge of the different constituencies and an invaluable understanding of the special interests, foibles and prejudices of the voters in each of them.

There are scores of constituencies in Canada which only a candidate with certain local affiliations and an ability to win the support of compact blocs of voters, can hope to carry. For the selection of the candidate with the largest range of appeal, a campaign manager who knows the constituency, and whose advice will usually be treated with respect because it is he who supplies or withholds election funds, can often exercise an influence highly profitable to his party's fortunes.

Senator Lambert, who organized the great Liberal victory of 1935, was a first-class expert in this kind of party management. For many years the late Tom Blacklock, a famous Tory correspondent at Ottawa, used to supply it for his party; he had an encyclopaedic knowledge of every constituency in Canada — he could say offhand whether the urban voters outnumbered the rural in Halton County or how strong was the Irish Catholic vote in South Renfrew or the German in North Waterloo. This

Malak

Prime Minister St. Laurent

kind of detailed knowledge is the fruit of long experience of elections and careful study of their results, and it is an immense asset to a party if its manager possesses it.

Duncan MacTavish, Q.C., who followed Senator Fogo as President of the National Liberal Federation and will therefore be the chief manager of the Liberal campaign, is a lawyer with an extensive practice in Ottawa, and his likeable personality and his keen sense of humor have won him a wide circle of friends both in his own city and outside it. But a lawyer cannot suddenly set aside the claims of his practice, and Mr. MacTavish in the brief space of time since he assumed his new political duties, has simply not had the time to acquire the sort of informed knowledge of the constituencies that Senator Lambert and, in a lesser degree, Senator Fogo possessed.

On the other hand, the Progressive Conservatives have had the good fortune to be able to recall to their central office for the campaign, Richard Bell, who can contribute to it an extensive experience in Federal elections and an invaluable acquaintance with the constituencies.

There was a time when both the Government and the official opposition at Ottawa could place great reliance upon the help which the provincial political machines of their party could give them in a Federal election, but in the coming contest there will be serious limitations upon this kind of assistance for both the senior parties.

Since 1935, when their party had the sympathetic cooperation of all the provincial governments save one, (that of Alberta), the Liberals have been gradually losing control of the provincial administration, and 1952 saw both New Brunswick and British Columbia pass into unfriendly hands. On the assumption that the present Manitoba Ministry will soon secure a fresh lease of power, the Federal Liberals will be assured of the friendly sympathy of four provincial Governments (those of three Maritime provinces and Manitoba), but between them these four provinces contain little more than 2 million people, or about one-seventh of the total population of Canada. So the Liberals will have to reckon with the active hostility or passive unfriendliness of the governments of the six other provinces, which contain about six-sevenths of the total population.

The Progressive Conservatives can count upon the active support of the provincial Governments of Ontario and New Brunswick, and the well-organized provincial machine of the former can be a useful ally.

The CCF will have the Douglas Ministry, now strongly entrenched in Saskatchewan, working overtime to elect its candidates, but elsewhere they can expect no similar aid, and they will be handicapped by a shortage of funds and the unanimous disfavor of the daily press. Even in industrial constituencies they cannot count upon the solid support of the members of the trades unions, which in Britain gives the Labor party many impregnable seats, because a CCF candidate, whose allegiance is to one labor organization, can never be sure of the support of voters who belong to a rival labor group.

The Social Credit party is certain of the backing of the Manning Ministry in Alberta, and is hoping for similar assistance from a Bennett Ministry confirmed in power in British Columbia but, as far as press support is concerned, it is more or less in the same boat as the CCF; and there is no evidence so far that its plans for creating a nationwide organization for the Federal election have come to any serious fruition.

In regard to support from the press, the position of the Progressive Conservative party has improved materially since the last election.

The Liberal party, therefore, enters the contest with the scales much less heavily weighted in its favor than in 1949, and its chief hopes for a fresh mandate are obviously pinned upon the leadership of Prime Minister St. Laurent.

As a speaker on the platform or over the radio, Mr. St. Laurent has only mediocre gifts. Naturally, he is a better orator when he is using the French language, but, while his English phraseology is invariably correct and there is an arresting flavor of an Irish accent in his utterances, he does not command the art of varying the tones of his voice, except when he is angry; as a result, his normal delivery is lifeless. So he is incapable of stirring the pulses of adult audiences by his oratory and moving them to passionate enthusiasm for his cause. But, as a recompense for this weakness, he has unrivalled skill in another kind of electioneering technique. A good family man himself, he likes children and children instinctively like him. During the brief political tours, which he has undertaken in recent years, he has always scored a great hit with juvenile audiences. When a group of school children were assembled before him, he never dismissed them with some conventional compliments and playful jokes. He treated them as serious human beings worthy of his time and attention, and addressing them, sometimes at considerable length, in simple homely language which they could understand, he conveyed to them the impression that he was their uncle-in-chief, deeply concerned with and devoted to their interests and determined to ensure that they had happy and prosperous lives. Of course he won the hearts of the youngsters and they proceeded to sing his praises.

At these gatherings many fond parents were also present, and they, too, were delighted that a great statesman should condescend to take such a keen interest in their children. And in his speeches Mr. St. Laurent was always at pains to impress on the parents that he was full of wholehearted zeal for providing them with the economic and social security which would make them happy and contented with their lot. It was maintained that such informal talks were strictly non-political, but into each there was injected a large dose of subtle propaganda for Liberalism. So it can be expected that the organizers of Mr. St. Laurent's tour will arrange many similar gatherings of schoolchildren for him, as they are convinced that at them he is an electioneering artist of the first order and can do his deadliest work.

CP

George Drew, Conservative Leader

JOHN A. STEVENSON

Letter from New York

The End of the Honeymoon

WHEN PRESIDENT Eisenhower introduced his budget last month the press managed to make some loud Republican noises about it. They announced that the Administration was slashing grossly inflated Democratic expenditures by no less than $8½ billion, and most people believed that was what was being done.

The news disturbed me, because I'd been telling you, a month or so ago, that the same pattern of heavy spending that had been set by the Democrats was going on despite all the Republican campaign promises to the contrary. But a close second look at the figures shows that the cut is limited strictly to ghost money. What has been cut is Truman's last estimate for 1953 expenditure, and the reduction (if you care to think of it in such terms) of expenditure is in fact a limitation of increase.

Eisenhower's first budget will be, as a matter of sober fact, $8 billion greater than the 1952 budget, and no less than $30 billion greater than the Democratic budget of 1951. There is no possibility of making do with anything less than that, and President Eisenhower explained just why, in terms that even a child could understand, in a speech which went on to make recommendations to Congress about the excess profits tax and the corporation income tax. He recommended the continuation of the excess profits tax for another six months, from June 30, and the repeal of the 5% reduction in the regular corporation income tax which is due to take place next April.

When the Republican Congressmen were offering their constituents the moon with butter on it last year, these two taxes figured largely in their discourse, and the rejoicing after the great victory was to a large extent done by men in and around business, who felt particularly bitter about the crimping of private enterprise by the excess profits tax. In effect this particular recommendation means the final ending of any pretence on the part of the administration to keep the campaign promises, and the end of all effort on its part to placate the main body of its support.

Congressmen, who fight elections without the glamor of military records behind them, are much more sensitive to the finer feelings of voters than Cabinet officers, and they are unlikely to look on the recommendations with any pleasure. Eisenhower's budget speech of May 20 was, in short, the ending of his honeymoon with Congress; from now on the normal situation of United States politics, with the President at war with the Congress, will be the order of the day.

The President is alive to the shift, and is taking astute steps to prepare for it. His dramatic slash at the budget with a rubber knife looked good from the gallery, and it was the beginning of a campaign to win popular support against the Congress.

Eisenhower is, in the next couple of months, going out on a barnstorming campaign which will take him to the general public. He does not rely solely on his gift for making a good show in his personal appearances, and it is interesting to see how much time he has found since his election for private interviews at the White House with the publishers and owners of newspapers. He is, very shrewdly, beating the politicians at their own game in mobilizing popular support for the biggest spending year yet, and selling the business interest down the river.

Perhaps his biggest victory so far has been his appointment of Charles Wilson as Secretary of Defence. Wilson is the businessman par excellence, and when he took over at the Pentagon, with his very tough henchman Kyes, the business world knew that a man was on the job who would take no nonsense from the soldiers, and who knew what efficiency was. He is now making noises like a soldier and asking for money on as great a scale as ever.

Another big victory was won by the appointment of Ridgway as NATO commander. He was known to be a Pacific man, and of the MacArthur trend of thinking, and the Congress expected a no-nonsense view of foreign aid from him. So did the Europeans, who have eyed him, ever since he took over, with reserve and suspicion. He came up the other week with the firm opinion that there could be no cuts in aid to the European powers that wouldn't endanger the American position, and the Congress found his words extremely unpleasant hearing. All in all, the enemies of the big Budget and heavy government spending have been badly outmanoeuvred and out-generaled.

All this explains to some extent why there was such a strong reaction to Clement Attlee's mild remarks about the Constitution, tossed off in a House of Commons debate a little while back. Senator McCarthy and the yellow press reacted violently, and in America one gathered that Attlee had been spitting in the eye of the people who had saved the British economy with their generosity. He was advocating a Far Eastern Munich and the lord knows what. It was all quite simply got up to raise popular feeling against foreign aid, the idea being to make the public think "here we are giving these people all this money, and there they are proposing to do the dirty on us at the first opportunity".

THE WETTEST spring in 40 years ended in the last weeks of May and turned into sticky summer. The trees that had hung back bare of leaves rushed out into leaf, and the chestnuts flowered. The dogwoods were battered to pieces by the rain, and though there was a great deal of blossom it didn't make much of a show. But it has been a season that has been just right for lilacs, and they've never shown such heavy heads of flower or smelt so sweet.

The grass is brilliant and lush, and the squares and gardens in New York look as if they had been scrubbed and polished. Even the seedy wastes of Central Park are looking like the country for once in a way. I strolled down through the park on my way to see *Porgy and Bess* the other night, and in the soft twilight the Park even smelt good.

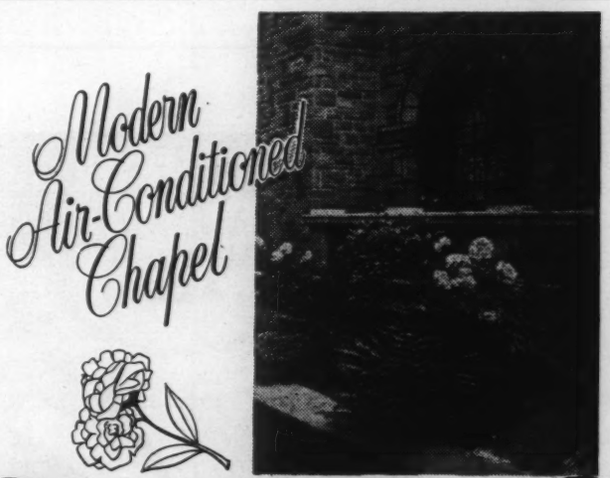
Porgy and Bess is as good a show as ever it was, and if Cab Calloway isn't as desperately evil as the Sportin' Life of the original production he still brings a great comic gift to the part and is well worth watching. The other inhabitants of Catfish Row are as wonderful to watch and to listen to as ever, and the show has a magical vitality about it. The murder of Crown, the big villain, by the cripple Porgy, is one of the unforgettable moments in the theatre.

I'm not sure that the score is really up to the story, charming though it is. The story is magnificent. Du Bose Heywood's short novel has been out of print for a long time, I believe; at least I haven't come across it other than in second hand book stores for a long time. But it is a classic—it is almost unequalled among the novels about the American Negro, and it's an extraordinarily strong story.

As for *Camino Real*, I caught it before it closed and I'm sorry I didn't miss it. It was heavily symbolic, and it repeated all the worst excesses of the experimental efforts of the expressionist school of little theatre which plagued Germany and to a certain extent England in the twenties. Its supporters said it was forty years ahead of its time, and that it blazed a trail that everybody would presently follow. It was a confused mess, and if it comes your way I'd skip it.

My Three Angels is a very funny comedy, and if you're in New York I can recommend it. It is a French play, and the only irritating thing about this excellent production is the churlishness of somebody or other who hasn't done much about giving the author credit. It's easy enough to find out who directed the piece, and who did the scenery, and so on, but it's almost as hard to find out who wrote it as it is to find out who made the girdles the actresses in the show wear. The three angels in question are convicts in the French penal colony in Cayenne, and they're very good company indeed.

ANTHONY WEST



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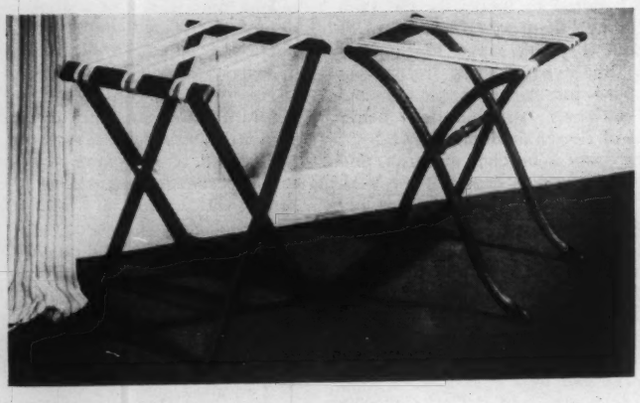

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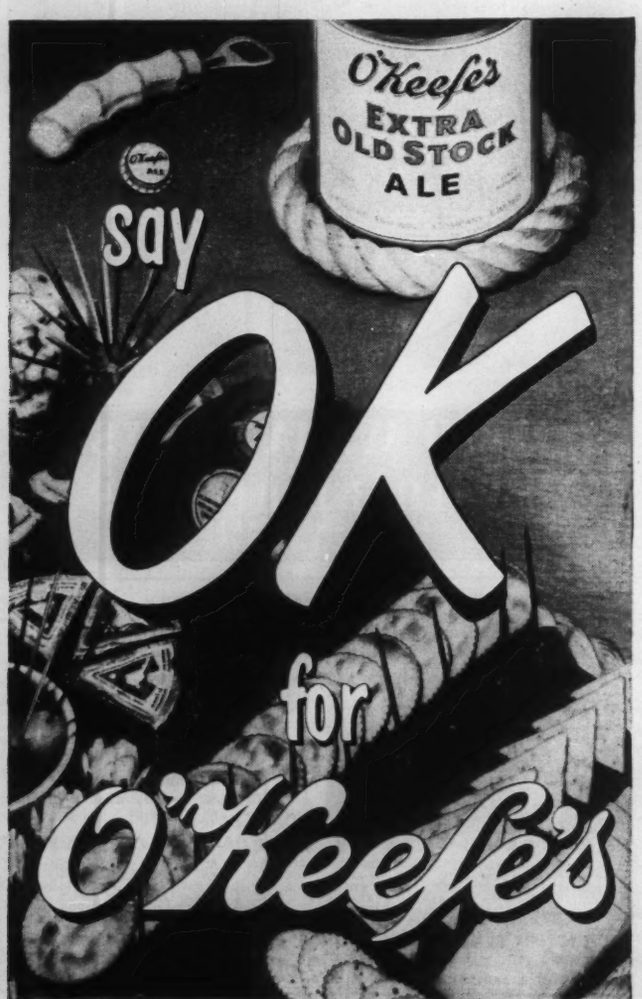

Music

National Anthems

IN THE DAYS of Coronation excitement, we have been fanfared, flourished, alarumed and excursioned, sennetted and tucketted until the world seemed full of purple faced trumpeters, with their lips stuck to their mouthpieces. All this I have enjoyed very much. The pure sound of the silver, snarling trumpets is as loud and demanding as such scaffolding of ceremony ought to be, and it is a pleasure to have the top of one's head taken off in such a gentlemanly and handsome way. We should hear more of it.

There might be a great deal to be said for fitting streetcars with electric post-boys, complete with post-horns and trumpets to replace that miserable, peevish tinging. Imagine the glory of a winter traffic jam on an ice-covered hill! There would be no more talk of getting street-cars off the streets. Each route could have its own battery of calls, and warnings, with matters so arranged that intersections rang with double counterpoint.

But this is seducing me from the path of duty, which, in the rare month of June, I find myself meeting but rarely, and then always at right angles.

I had meant to say something about National Anthems, which, too, we have all heard a great deal in the last few weeks. For instance, what about the National Anthem as a piece of music? Admittedly, its associations enormously outweigh anything that might be said about it musically, but from time to time it is proper to assess the character of even one's dearest friends.

I cannot, I am afraid, discuss *O Canada*, since that is not the National Anthem, though I think it ought to be. It is true that at the moment it not only extols the virtues of Confederation, but exhibits them, in that you hear ten sets of words being sung simultaneously to the same tune. And the tune, by Calixa Lavallée, is one of the noblest ever written. This does more credit to M. Lavallée's judgment (conscious or unconscious) than it does to his originality; for when we hear Mozart's *Magic Flute*, we are surprised and proud to notice that Act Two begins with a version of *O Canada*, there described as a march of priests. The points of the orchestration of this version might well be noted by those who cause it to be blared out on public occasions, as our unofficial National Anthem.

It is certainly not the official musical repository of our loyal sentiments. We share *God Save the Queen* with a score of other nations. As a melody, it is a fortunate choice: short, without being perfunctory; simple, without being trivial; and devoid equally of ostentation, device, and difficulty of performance. These are stern conditions for a tune, and they are not, perhaps, all fulfilled either by *O Canada*, or the *Star Spangled Banner*, to say nothing of the *Marseillaise*. The only melodies which hold up as well under the scarifying conditions of incessant performance as National Anthems are Haydn's Austrian Hymn, and the Tsarist Anthem of Holy Russia.

The first of these, for all its excellence in other respects, seems to be too long for the many occasions on which a playing of the National Anthem must be run through by social convention, without its audience being especially excited about it. None the less, it is a great and noble tune; and so is the old Tsarist Anthem, now made obsolete by the rather odd marching tune of the *Internationale*, which seems to me to be musically inferior in every possible respect.

THERE is, of course, the Netherlands National Anthem, *William of Nassau*. Mozart wrote a set of piano variations on it, which, like all variations by a good composer, dissects the melody for you. He was about nine years old at the time, so only the surface anatomy is explored. Not only is it an excellent, though curious tune, but the circumstances of its origin must give it a special glory to Netherlanders. It is true that *God Save the King* was first sung when England seemed threatened by treason and invasion; but our glittering eye grows dull again when we learn that the monarch was George the Second, and the proposed invasion the March of the '45, under Bonnie Prince Charlie. Our heads tell us that a Stuart victory would have been intolerable; but our hearts tell us otherwise, and music is the language of the heart as much as it is of the head.

The Netherlanders find no such equivocation involved in the origin of *their* National Anthem. It took its origin in the great days of the rise of the Dutch Republic; the revolt of the Netherlands against the detestable rule of Philip the Second of Spain. It then arose as a song of welcome and praise to William the Silent, who led the revolt of his people, and who remains to this day the model of a wise, modest, kindly and accomplished prince and man.

This is not to say that *God Save the Queen* does not have its great associations. In spite of the tawdry uses to which the National Anthem is sometimes put, it is still rich and strong for us; and we can hear it many times more.

The late King George the Fifth is the man who set the fashion of playing it very slowly and solidly. I do not think this is the best way to play it, but if he, who had to listen

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to it so many times, wished to hear it that way, then he was certainly entitled to have his wishes respected, if only to preserve his sanity. I have always thought it made patriotism sound duller and deadlier than it need be. The National Anthem should avoid the vices of Nationalism, but it might, at least, express some of its virtues. In particular, it should express not only pride, and a due sense of solemn occasions, but at times, a certain wild, furious and romantic joy is appropriate. I know of only one performance of the National Anthem that ever suggests that sort of thing, and that is the version in which Sir Ernest MacMillan occasionally flings the Mendelssohn Choir at all its verses in a raging thunder of holy glee, devised by himself.

I regret that this version is not mentioned in the published programs of music for the Coronation, and I do not think it formed part of the official music. Which is a pity.

LISTER SINCLAIR

•

Battle of the Sexes

Walter Sprinkel of Los Angeles told a divorce court judge that too much "petting" ruined his marriage. His wife, Clara, insisted on taking her pets to bed with her and gave them all her attention.

Mrs. Goldie Boo, 62, sought a divorce from her third husband at St. Petersburg Fla., because he insisted on having his dog, "Tootsie," sit at the breakfast table to lap up his morning coffee.

The 22nd desertion was one too many, Mrs. Esther Tait told an Erie, Pa., judge. "We've been married 28 years," said Mrs. Tait, "and in that time my husband has left me on 22 different occasions." Divorce granted.

Mrs. June Thursday of Elizabeth, N.J., was given a divorce because her husband chose her clothes, told her what radio programs to listen to, tried to make her hate her parents, forbade her to use makeup, and struck her when she didn't live up in the strictest way to his commands.

The argument that led to the fatal shooting of Stanley Webb and the arrest of Benjamin Patterson at Houston, Tex., on a charge of murder, concerned the sex of the devil. Webb held to the male theory and Patterson disagreed.

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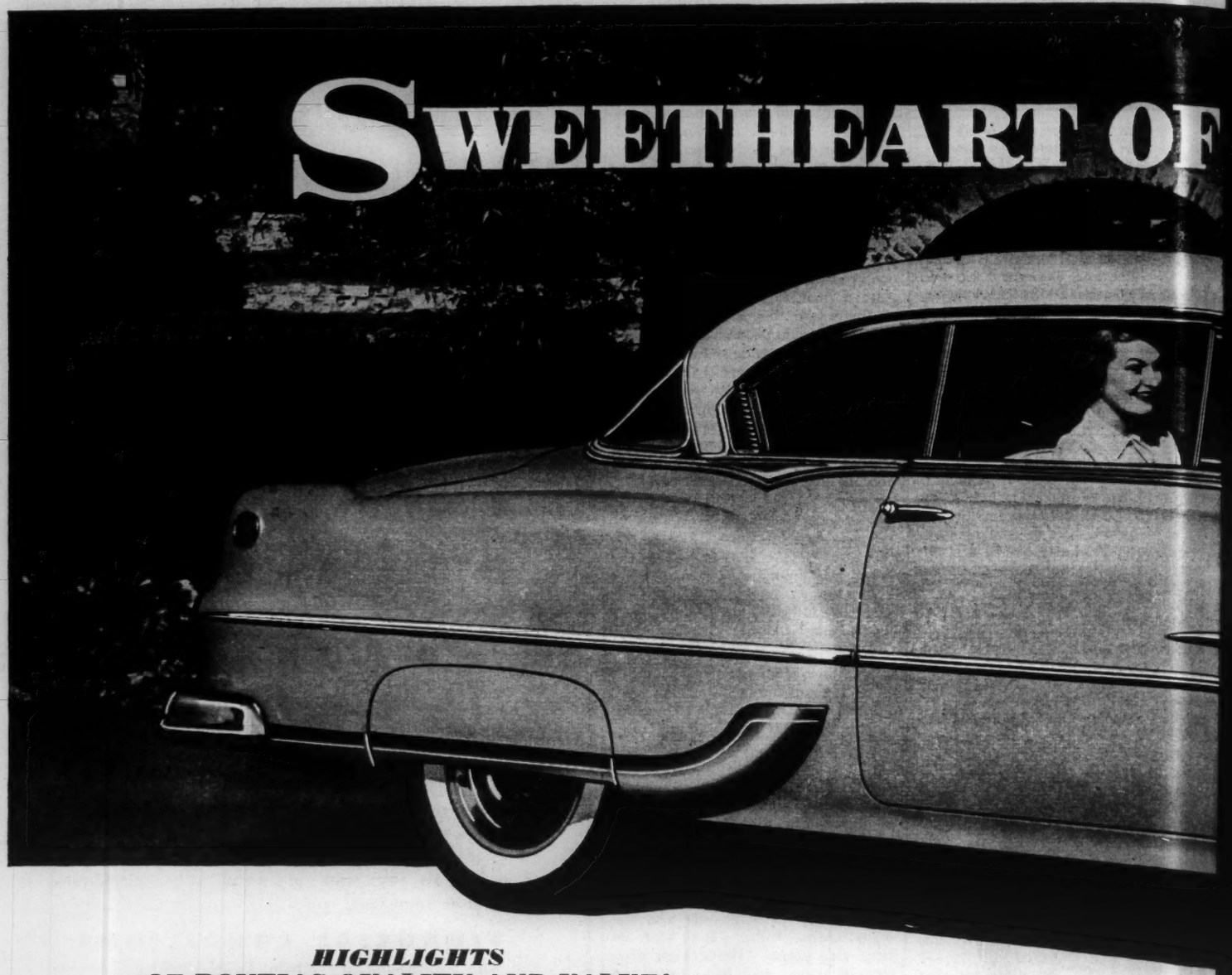

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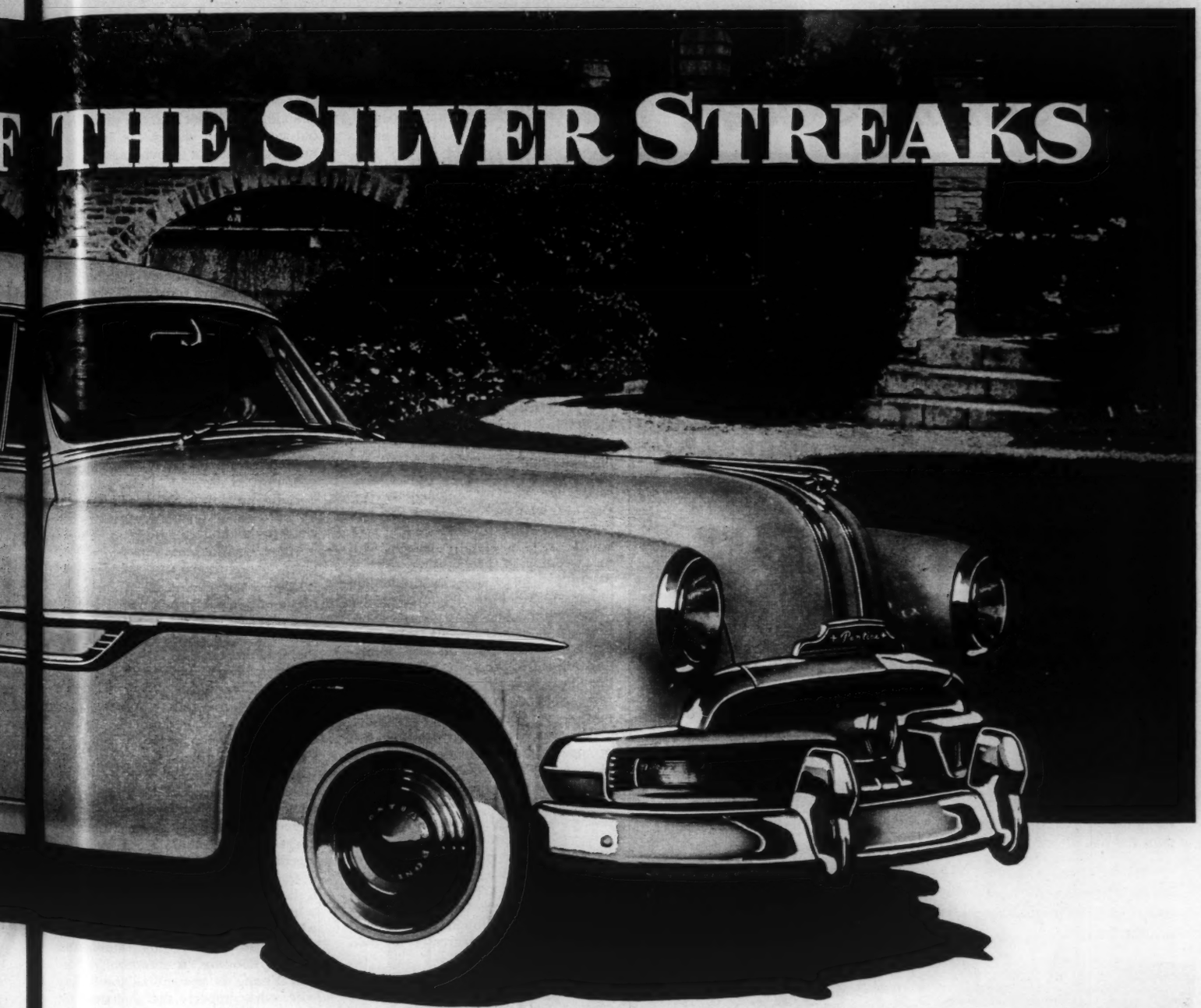

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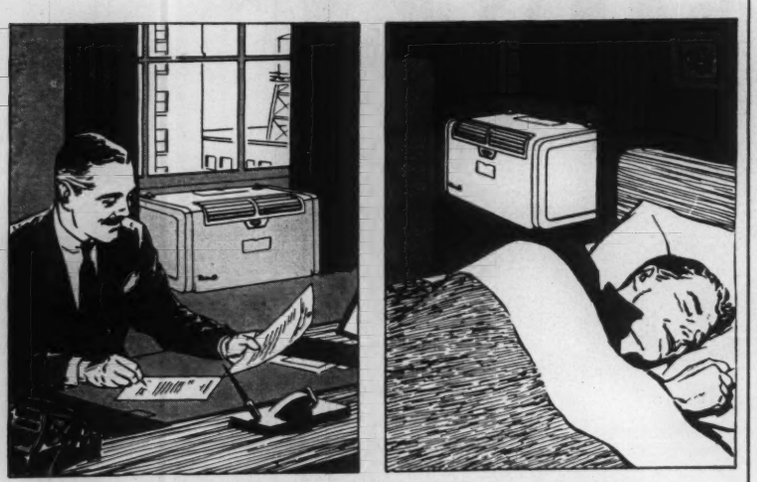

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Films

Exercise in Sensitivity

The Member of the Wedding, by Carson McCullers, originated as a short novel, and was developed into a successful stage drama. It has now reached the screen under the careful supervision of Stanley Kramer and Fred Zinnemann, who have made every possible effort to keep both mood and text intact.

It is an admirable effort, and in many ways a successful one. But Mrs. McCullers's story was an exercise in extreme sensitivity and it was inevitable that the third transfer would jar its intricate and delicate mechanism. *The Member of the Wedding* is a study of pre-adolescence, the story of a lonely twelve-year-old who, through lack of any better emotional footing in her own world, tries to identify herself with the wedding of her brother. She is determined to go along on the honeymoon, and when the dream is violently shattered, she runs away from home and wanders about, through a nightmare interlude in the honky-tonk district of the city. The end of the story finds her restored, though rather shakily, to the normal interests of the very young.

The story is filled with the sort of poetic truth and insight which Hollywood, left to itself, would hardly venture to handle. The margin for gambling here is provided by the prestige of the 1950 Broadway success. Without that margin, it seems unlikely that even so enterprising a producer as Stanley Kramer would have taken the risk of offering such a fragile and complex theme to a mass audience. Unfortunately, however, the stage precedent creates its own special hazards.

The screen, with all its facilities, tends to contract an introspective study of this type, while the stage—with all its physical limitations—brings it alive and sets it free. Dialogue that is intense and moving before the footlights becomes noisy and sometimes incoherent on the soundtrack. The action, even when the camera has done its best to pry open the story's background, still seems to be crowded into a tight frame of unreality. However skilfully the technique of illusion and transfer is carried out, one is always faintly aware of all three—the transfer, the illusion, the technique.

These advantages are probably inevitable, particularly when the producer is about equally divided, as Stanley Kramer is here, between his respect for his medium and his respect for his author. Mrs. McCullers's lines are faithfully transferred and some are lost or blurred in a medium fundamentally alien to them.

Julie Harris, Ethel Waters and Brandon de Wilde, all leading players in the stage drama, repeat their roles in the screen version. As the troubled twelve-year-old Julie Harris is a whirlwind of youthful emotion and fascinating to watch, except when the disconcerting camera reveals in closeup that the frantic twelve-year-old is an actress of twenty-six. Brandon de Wilde, as the five-year-old cousin who shares the heroine's loneliness without alleviating it, is a disarming little boy with few of the precocities that make the average child-star so painful to watch. The great asset of *The Member of the Wedding*, however, is Ethel Waters as the colored cook who loves and befriends the two lonely children. It is a completely satisfying performance, rich in understanding, compassion and laughter.

With all its perception and unemphasized irony, however, *The Member of the Wedding* can't be classified as light-hearted entertainment. It is a study in mood, and the mood it presents is neither comfortable nor familiar. "I gotta get out of here or I'll go crazy," the moviegoer next to me said at one point. It is quite possible that it will leave a lot of people feeling confused and claustrophobic in much the same way.

Off Limits presents Bob Hope as a prize-fighter manager inadvertently drafted into the Army, where he busies himself in promoting a pugilistic protege (Mickey Rooney) and attending night spots as a member of the military police. The picture, though no fresher than any standard Hope comedy, has at times a sort of fascinating violence — e.g. the sequence in which Comedian Hope completely demolishes the proud new Cadillac of an army general. The final sequence has him barred from the arena and coaching his protege by television and walkie-talkie. It is largely a comedy of gadgets, and the gadgets on the whole are a lot more ingenious than the comedy.

It Happens Every Thursday is a frail and extended little piece about a newspaper man (John Forsythe) who undertakes a cloud-seeding operation as a promotion stunt and ends by flooding the community. Loretta Young is present as the loving wife, who supports and endorses her husband as the town temper rises with the deluge. I thought she overdid it, rather.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

•

Officialese

Committee: A group of the unfit, appointed by the unwilling, to do the unnecessary.

Clarification: Filling in the background with such detail that the foreground must go underground.

Conference: A place where conversation is substituted for the dreariness of labor and the loneliness of thought.

Expedite: To confound confusion with commotion.

Referred for Appropriate Action: The hopeful attempt to find someone who knows what to do about a hot potato.

Team Approach: Many doing the work of one, and all calling signals.

Status quo: The mess we're in.—*From a publication issued by the U.S. Geological Survey.*

Sports

What's In a Name?

WHAT HAS become of the good, old-fashioned sporting nickname? Your agent perused the sports sections of nine representative metropolitan newspapers last week-end without dicovering a nickname that fizzed or crackled or popped. Indeed, there have been days when we have found more interesting stuff right underneath the bed. Regretfully, we are arriving at the conclusion that present-day publicists and sports scribes are too unimaginative or too lazy to pin colorful nicknames on our athletic heroes.

Admittedly, some genius has found fit to refer to the current world heavyweight boxing champion, Rocky Marciano, as the "Brockton Block-Buster." That was a rather pretty effort and we suspect that an old-time publicist such as Francis Albertanti had come out of retirement for the day, just to show "The Boys" that he hasn't lost his zing.

Is this to be the sole nickname contributed to the sporting history of the sixth decade of the twentieth century? Journalism surely is in a sorry state.

Sporting nicknames, as we know them now, probably originated in England and in the profession of pugilism. Undoubtedly, though, there were nicknames of a kind in the days of the Roman Empire. It is safe to assume that, among the early gladiators, there must have been "The Savage Sicilian" and "The Neapolitan Knuckle-head."

Suffice to say, the English box-fight industry gave us "The Tipton Slasher," "The Game-Chicken" and other sanguinary monickers. Since that time, the gentle art of pugilism has provided some of the brightest examples of the publicity-man's genius.

The formidable Stanley Ketchell was known as "The Michigan Assassin" and Sam Langford was the "Boston Tar-Baby" although he was born, if we recall correctly, in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. Jack Johnson was "L'il Arthur," a name which he tagged on himself, and Jack Dempsey was (and still is) "The Manassa Mauler." Tiger Flowers (a name sufficiently colorful in itself) was "The Fighting Deacon" and Gene Tunney was "The Fighting Marine." Tunney's great opponent in the middleweight and light-heavyweight ranks, Harry Greb, was "The Pittsburgh Windmill." Incidentally, Greb was his real name and he was of German extraction. Some of his partisans used to insist that he was born "Berg." (Another inspired press agent's dream, no doubt.)

The late Paolino Uzcudun was "The Basque Wood-Chopper," Luis Angel Firpo was "The Wild Bull of the Pampas" and Tom Heeney, an industrious but colorless New Zealander, was "The Hard Rock From Down Under." Sid Terris was "The Ghost of the Ghetto" until our own Jimmy McLarnin, "The Belfast Spider," made a wraith out of him in the very first round. Lou Ambers was "The Herkimer Hurricane" and Billy Petrolle was "The Fargo Express."

Jack Delaney was "The Rapier of The North." He was christened Ovila Chapdelaine but, when he arrived in Madison Square Garden with that name, Joe Humphreys, the ring announcer who had trouble with words of more than two syllables, promptly called him Jack Delaney. Leo Lomski was "The Aberdeen Assassin" and

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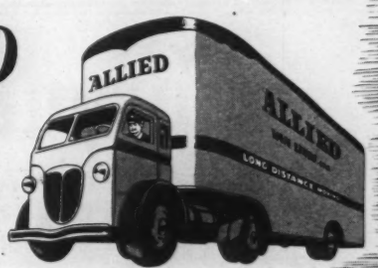

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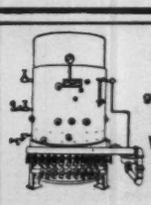

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Johny Risko was "The India-Rubber Man." Kid Chocolate also was known as "The Cuban Bon-Bon" and Bud Taylor was dubbed "The Terre Haute Terror." Twenty years ago, England exported Jackie "Kid" Berg who was "The Whitechapel Whirlwind."

Members of the Fight-Managers Guild and sundry camp-followers also became famous. James Joy Johnston was "The Boy Bandit of Broadway" and Lew Diamond was "The Honest Brakeman" because he never stole a box-car. Is there a man so ill-read that he doesn't know of "Evil-Eye" Finkel?

When Primo Carnera was unloaded from the hold of a transatlantic steamer, the boys with the typewriters really enjoyed themselves. He was known variously as "Old Satchelfoot" or "The Ambling Alp." The late W. O. McGeehan, who deplored the build-up, referred to poor Primo as "The Tall Tower of Gorgonzola" or "The Cheese Champion."

With the exception of "The Yankee Clipper," employed to describe Joe DiMaggio, baseball has failed to produce any scintillating nomenclature in recent years. George Herman Ruth used to be "The Sultan of Swat" or "The Bambino." Lou Gehrig was "The Iron Horse" and Tyrus Raymond Cobb was "The Georgia Peach." Christy Mathewson was "Big Six," Walter Johnson was "The Big Train," Johnny Evers was "The Crab" and Frank Chance of the Chicago Cubs was "The Peerless Pilot," a name which, we believe, was pinned on him by Franklin P. Adams.

Tris Speaker was "The Grey Eagle," while Guy Bush was "The Mississippi Mudcat" and pitcher Waite Hoyt was "The Mournful Mortician." In his prime, Honus Wagner was "The Flying Dutchman."

Tennis, which was rather an effete pastime at the beginning of this century, became a rugged sport when Maurice McLoughlin, "The California Comet," came on the scene. And was there ever a more appropriate nickname than "Little Miss Poker-Face" which some California sports writer pinned on Helen Wills Moody? Then along came bouncy, vigorous Jean Borotra, who promptly and accurately was dubbed "The Bounding Basque."

Horse racing, which abounds in nicknames for human characters along the shedrows, somehow has failed to produce monickers which attract international attention. George Woolf, the unsmiling jockey from Cardston, Alta., was known as "The Iceman." Man O' War dominated the American equine world to such an extent that he was known generally as "Big Red." Exterminator, which caught the public imagination, was "Old Bones" and the brilliantly speedy Equipoise was "The Chocolate Soldier." In recent years, a writer who was impressed by Citation, called him "The Calumet Cannonball," but it is unlikely that the name will be remembered 10 years from now.

College football stadia were the publicity man's paradise in the lush days of The Twenties and the threadbare days of The Thirties. College football's gate receipts paid for many a chair of philosophy and professional publicists were employed to attract larger and more hysterical crowds. Out of this era of wonderful nonsense came some astounding names. Notre Dame University became "The Fighting Irish," and its most famous backfield was composed of "The Four Horsemen." (Names: Jim Crowley, Elmer Layden, Harry Stuhldreher and Don Miller.) The Notre Dame line was "The Seven Mules." Edward "Skip" Madigan, who was the publicist as well as football coach for St. Mary's College in California, called his team "The Galoping Gaels of Moraga." The Colgate College team became "The Red Raiders of The Chenango."

Alabama was "The Crimson Tide" and Tulane was "The Green Wave." Fordham's line, coached by Major Frank Cavanagh, was "The Seven Blocks of Granite" and the footballers from little Centre College were "The Praying Colonels."

The one individual who gave college football its greatest impetus was Harold "Red" Grange, of Illinois. Grange, who was the headlined star of The Twenties, was known as "The Galloping Ghost" or "The Wheaton Iceman." Little Albie Booth, who played for Yale, was "The Mighty Mite" and Johnny Mack Brown, who starred for Alabama in a Rose Bowl, before he went on to become a hero in Hollywood horse-operas, was "The Dothan Antelope."

Even golf had its "Joplin Ghost" in Horton Smith, and track and field provided "The World's Fastest Human" (Charlie Paddock) and "The Flying Finn" (Paavo Nurmi).

Hockey's best nickname probably was the brain-child of Thomas Patrick Gorman, who dubbed Maurice Richard "The Rocket." In an earlier day, Georges Vezina was such a cool chap that they called him "The Chicoutimi Cucumber," and Howie Morenz was "The Stratford Streak." Frank Nighbor was "The Pembroke Pippin," while Toronto Maple Leafs had their "Kid Line" of Joe Primeau, Charlie Conacher and Harvey Jackson and the Boston Bruins had their "Kraut Line" of Bobby Bauer, Milt Schmidt and Porky Dumart.

Undoubtedly it's a sign of old age when the reader of the sports pages can work himself into a tizzy over the dearth of colorful monickers.

Oh, well—your agent can console himself with the recollection that, years ago in Portland, Oregon, there were two Negro box-fighters who rejoiced in the names of "Poppa Too-Sweet" and "Broken Blossoms."

"23—Skiddoo!"

JIM COLEMAN

●

For years he resisted the temptation to steal. Then his mother began to make cutting remarks about him. He was just like his father, no good.

That kind of talk hurts a boy, even if he is 50 years old. He determined to show his mother that he could succeed. He did it the only way he could: by taking the money out of the till. For a time, he "covered up." But as was inevitable, the bank examiner finally caught up with him. His mother had failed, partly because she did not know that character is an inside job.

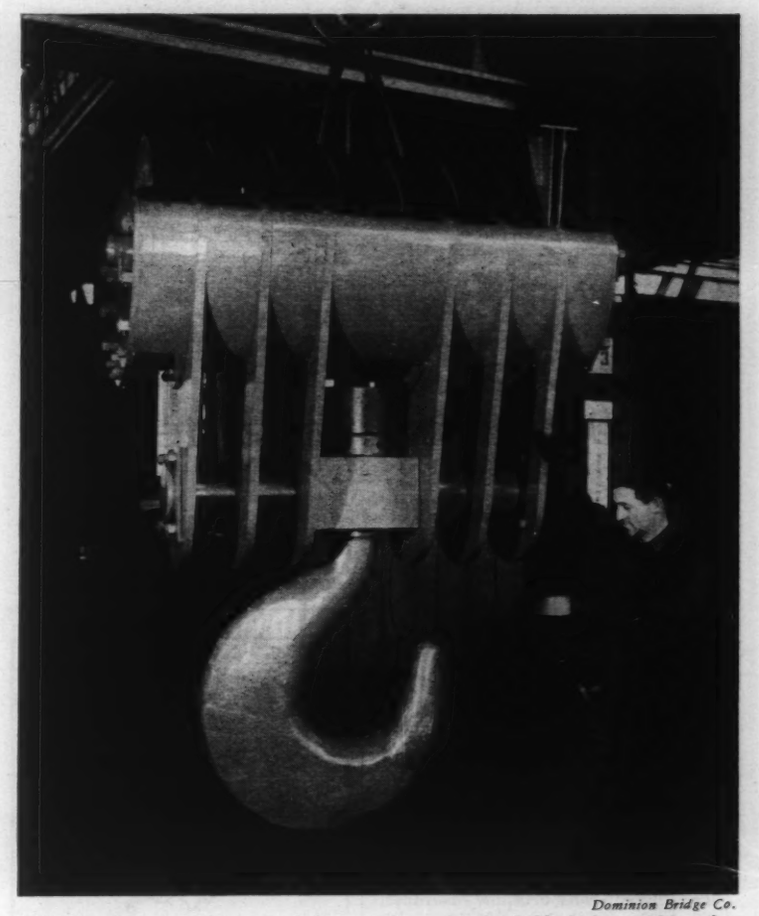
—Vancouver Province

Ah, impressionable youth!

Business

Trade Fair: The Test of Competition

By Rt. Hon. C. D. HOWE



Dominion Bridge Co.

FROM some of the largest exhibits, such as this hook block for a 90-ton hot metal ladle crane that was built by the Dominion Bridge Company of Montreal, through all sorts of construction and metal working machinery down to textiles and medical instruments, the world's products are on display at the Trade Fair.

THE OBVIOUS function of a Trade Fair is to serve as a market place, where goods from many countries are seen and bought by the businessmen who attend. But there is more to it than that. The Canadian International Trade Fair serves many purposes and has a different meaning or significance for different groups of people. It has as many aspects as there are participating nations and varieties of goods on display.

Consider, for example, the Trade Fair from the point of view of Canadian industry. Industrially, Canada has come a long way during the 15 years since 1938. The total of all goods and services produced then was $5 billion. Today it is $23 billion. This tremendous growth has taken place so quickly that many even in Canada do not yet grasp its full extent or significance.

The Trade Fair, with half its exhibits from Canada, is a valuable medium for making Canadian industry known at home and abroad. People read or hear a great deal about Canada's industrial strength.

At the Trade Fair Canadian industry produces the evidence of this strength. The countless written and spoken words are evidenced in goods for all to see. Canadian manufacturers do not hesitate to show their products alongside similar goods produced by any other country. By standing up to the acid test of international competition they prove their confidence.

But what of the millions of businessmen who do not come to Toronto —what impact does the Canadian International Trade Fair have on them? Many of them know of the Trade Fair through advertising and publicity, booklets, and films. Though these businessmen may be thousands of miles away from Canada and have never visited the country, the fact that there is so extensive a Trade Fair influences them.

Fairs as large and as impressive as the Canadian International Trade Fair are tangible evidence of the economic maturity of the country in which they are held.

From the point of view of the exhibitor from abroad, what does the Trade Fair mean? Most people agree in principle that obstacles to international commerce should be removed and overseas nations should be allowed to regain their stability through trade. This has been Canada's policy for many years. The Trade Fair is another way of putting that policy in action. Since the first Fair in 1948, hundreds of overseas exhibitors have benefited from their participation by selling in Canada.

The foreign businessman can learn much about Canada at the Trade Fair. His product comes under the close scrutiny of buyers, and there can be no more discriminating audience. If his product is accepted, he knows he can sell in Canada. Perhaps he wishes to carry his success a step further. If he finds a market for his product, he may decide to establish a branch plant and manufacture in Canada. Since 1948, our economy has benefited by the fact that more than fifty Trade Fair exhibitors from Europe, the United States, Australia and South America have set up factories and begun to manufacture in Canada.

Even the unsuccessful foreign exhibitor achieves something from his participation. In two weeks and at a minimum cost he learns why his product will not sell in Canada. Perhaps the design, or the quality, or the packaging, or the price has to be changed for this market. Many apply the lessons of this market research and come back with a product that sells.

These are some of the broader aspects of the Canadian International Trade Fair behind the activity of the buying and selling. But there are many other facts which come to light as time goes on. The new contacts that develop into future profits; the ideas picked up by Canadian manufacturers and applied to present or new products; the decisions that affect next month's deliveries or the future course of a business; the instances of substantial orders placed two and three years after an exhibit has been seen.

These are some of the countless threads of business which when woven together form the warp and woof of the Canadian International Trade Fair.

Herb Nott

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Brasalman Pete

I PURCHASED *shares in Brasalman Petroleums at 2.85 and later at 1.65. This stock is continuing to fall and I am wondering whether I should sell and take the loss or hold in hopes of a recovery. Do you advise selling now or buying more in order to lower my average cost?—M. G., Ottawa.*

At last report Brasalman showed current assets of $1,063,254 against 775,000 shares issued. Oil properties included a 33 1/3% interest in one oil well and a 50% interest in one gas well and a 20% interest in 6 wells to be drilled in conjunction with Anglo-Canadian, Calmont and Souris Valley.

If the assets are relatively unchanged, it would appear that the stock is bottoming out close to its asset level. However, as it is a very small company, further investment in it would seem to be of doubtful merit. As the company was sponsored by Anglo-Canadian, which pays a dividend, it would be better tactics to take the lesser risks afforded by the larger company.

Jupiter Oils

I HAVE *been considering investing in western oils. Do you consider Jupiter Oils a good company to buy at the present price of 2.40?—J. B. T., Toronto*

Jupiter would appear to be a reasonable buy at this price. Its 1952-53 low was marked recently at 2.33 and by its chart picture it would appear to be in a buying range.

The latest balance sheet shows total assets improved from $1,145,096 to $1,851,408 and the company earned a net profit of $60,936 from its 1952 operations. Oil production was close to 1 million barrels and oil reserves are estimated to be about 5 million barrels.

The present market price gives an overvalue ratio of 1.3 to one on the total assets which is quite conservative in comparison with many others.

Analysis of the chart pattern indicates an advance to an objective of 3.50 is possible.

Beatty Bros. Ltd.

WOULD YOU *please let me have some information and your opinion on Beatty Bros. Ltd. I have some shares that I bought at 14. They have fallen to the half-way mark and remained there. I am told that the company has assets to cover far more than the value of the shares at 14 and that the company is doing quite well—J. M., Vancouver.*

The chief reason for the decline in the price of your shares is the steady decline in earnings from $2.27 per share in 1949 to $.82 in 1952 and the reduction in dividends from $.95 to the present rate of $.40.

It is evident from this downtrend in earnings that the company has not been doing too well in its efforts to market its washing machines and other products which range from farm equipment to furnaces.

This outlook, coupled with the decreased dividend, has brought the price of the shares to a recent low of 6. The yield of 6.6% there is in line with that available from many major companies.

While book value (total assets less liabilities) stands at 19, according to the 1952 balance sheet, it is secondary to dividends, yields and earnings possibilities in setting market prices for the stock. Total assets include the inventory of merchandise, and inventory, in the final analysis, is only worth what it can be sold at. The ratio of inventory to working capital is more important than the stated value of the inventory as a measure of the health of a business.

Most analysts consider that the inventory should not exceed working capital. When it does, it usually indicates the business is entering a difficult time. This warning was evident in the 1951 statement of Beatty Bros. Inventory was shown at $6,242,093 and working capital at $5,667,568. This ratio was improved in 1952. Inventory was cut to $5,273,607 and working capital improved to $5,942,545.

Whether the next annual report will show a further improvement remains to be seen. However, the market action of the stock does not give much ground for expectations of improved earnings.

Atlas Steels

WHAT ABOUT *Atlas Steel? It pays a good dividend but it has gone down to 16½, lower than I have ever seen it. Is this serious or just a chance for me to buy up some more at this low price?—R. C. B., Hamilton.*

The rapid decline in the price of Atlas Steels followed the publication of the first quarter report. This showed earnings had suffered a 66.4% drop from those reported a year ago. The loss of export sales, due to increased competition from European mills, was the chief factor in reducing production volume.

The markdown in the price of the stock has reflected the doubts as to the stability of the present $1 per year dividend rate, which now provides a yield of 6% at the current price of 16½. Earnings must recover considerably from the 36 cents per share shown for the first quarter to maintain this rate.

From the longer term view, the new production facilities of the stainless steel strip and tube mills, expected to come into production around the turn of the year, should broaden the earnings base and help reduce production costs. Much will depend upon the available markets for the Company's products next year. At

present, narrower markets for stainless steels and broader competition from aluminum, monel metal and plastic producers would appear to be in prospect.

Considering these variable factors, the stock does not appear to be too attractive for repurchase here. Technical analysis of its market patterns indicates a recovery to about 20 is possible, as is a further decline to about 13.

Rainville Copper

I HAVE *a number of shares of Rainville Copper Mines Ltd., that I bought at 32 cents. Do you think there is a chance of this stock going up in price? Or would you advise selling it?—Mrs. H. B. M., Vancouver.*

As of the first of the year, Frobisher Ltd., which holds 1.3 million shares of Rainville, took over the management of the property. Rights were offered shareholders to purchase 500,000 shares on the basis of 1 share for each 8 held in January, with those exercising the rights receiving warrants to purchase additional shares at 40 cents by August and 60 cents by next February.

It would appear from this that the Frobisher management considers the property to have production possibilities. Exploration work by diamond drilling and shaft sinking is continuing and the development of a commercial ore body seems a reasonable possibility.

Thus retention of your shares at this time would seem advisable.

Consolidated Discovery

I HAVE *some shares of Consolidated Discovery Yellowknife Mines that cost me 1.85. In view of the new ore discoveries and their reduction in expenses due to Hydro connection, do you think there is a possibility of an initial dividend with a resulting advance in the stock?—J. B., Ottawa.*

Consolidated Discovery had the best year in its history last year. Earnings increased from $0.2 to $.12 per share and officials of the company expect earnings for 1953 will equal or exceed those of 1952.

Operation of the mine under hydro power, which has been supplied since mid-April, is expected to reduce costs per ton by about $3, and mill heads have improved considerably to provide an average recovery of $37.41 per ton.

It would appear from this that a dividend could be paid, but from the present action of the stock, which has see-sawed narrowly around 1.50 for some time, we are inclined to the view that the management will reinforce the working capital position before taking dividend action.

Ontario Pyrites

WOULD YOU *please give your opinion of Ontario Pyrites' market action? Are its prospects sufficiently bright to consider averaging down? —L. V. T., London*

The market action of Ontario Pyrites since the high of 3.20 was recorded in April 1952 has, by my chart shown a broad pattern of distribution above 2 that was followed by the rapid decline to the October low of 1.10. The recovery from this low stalled in the 2.00-2.45 supply level at 2.20 last January and from this point a pattern of distribution again developed between 1.60 and 2.00. Saturation of the available bids with stock from the options at 1.25 brought the price down again to 1.25 after which a mild rally lifted it to 1.45.

While the ore picture that has been developed at the property has been good, with latest reports showing ore reserves of better than 4.3 million tons, and adequate funds have been placed in the treasury, the big question that remains to be answered is whether the erection of a mill can be economically justified with base metals at their present prices. As many producing base metal mines are finding it difficult to show profits, it would seem that the decision to embark upon the construction of a mill may have to be deferred.

The possibility of a recovery beyond 1.75 seems rather remote. Reinforcing this is the latest Toronto Stock Exchange monthly report, which shows that 5,452,309 shares of the 6-million-share capitalization have been marketed.

Thus, averaging down, which is very rarely a good trading tactic, is definitely not recommended.

Bristol Oil and Gas

I HAVE *some Bristol Oil and Gas stock. What are its prospects?—X. Y. Z., London.*

Bristol has minor interests, less than 5%, in 15 wells in the Leduc field and a 25% interest in 4 wells and 4 well sites in the Lloydminster heavy oil field. Like most other small companies with limited working capital and very small oil reserves, its prospects do not appear too bright. However, as some 2 million shares still remain in the treasury, a new financing deal may be made to market the balance of the stock. A new deal might provide market action in the stock.

In Brief

I HAVE *300 shares of Oil Ventures. What are the prospects of this investment? Would you suggest further purchases now?—L. B. S., Corvallis, Oregon.*

Oil Ventures has one well in the Turner Valley field of Alberta. This well is operated by Federated Petroleums. As no other acreage is reported, it appears that the company is not planning any expansion. Further purchase not recommended.

I HAVE *1,000 shares of Ontario Nickel Mines. Can you give me any information on the company and the value of the shares?—G. E., Calgary.*

The property of Ontario Nickel was taken over by East Rim Nickel Mines in exchange for 1.2 million shares. As these are currently trading at about 1.30, your shares are worth about 40 cents. In addition the company holds 1,015,000 shares of Trebor Mines that are quoted at 20 cents, which adds another 5 cents per share.

The Commonwealth

The Coronation of Queen Elizabeth the Second is attracting world-wide attention and naturally has particular significance for the Commonwealth.

We have prepared a booklet outlining briefly the Commonwealth's scope and resources.

A copy of this booklet will be furnished gladly upon request.

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NATIONAL STEEL CAR CORPORATION
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Notice of Dividend

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty-seven and one-half cents (37½c) per share has been declared for the quarter ending June 30, 1953, payable on July 15, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business June 15, 1953.

By Order of the Board.
H. J. FARNAN,
Secretary.

Johns - Manville Corporation

DIVIDEND

The Board of Directors declared a dividend of 75c per share on the Common Stock payable June 11, 1953, to holders of record June 1, 1953.

ROGER HACKNEY, Treasurer

Dominion Textile Co., Limited

Textiles

DIVIDEND NOTICES

PREFERRED STOCK—A Dividend of One and Three-Quarters per cent (1¾%) has been declared on the Preferred Stock of the Company for the quarter ending 30th June, 1953, payable 15th July, 1953 to the shareholders of record 16th June, 1953.

COMMON STOCK—A Dividend of fifteen cents (15c) per share for the quarter ending 30th June, 1953 has been declared on the Common Stock of the Company, payable 2nd July, 1953 to shareholders of record 5th June, 1953.

By Order of the Board,
R. D. ARCHIBALD
Secretary.

Montreal, May 20th, 1953.

Bonds

"Stock Warrant" Debentures

A WARRANT is a certificate giving the right to purchase a stated number of common shares of a company at a set price for a stated period of time. They normally can be bought and sold in the same way that ordinary shares are traded on the Exchange. An owner of warrants has thus, in effect, a call on common shares. The warrant becomes valuable when the common shares sell higher than the price stated on the warrant.

Warrants are sometimes issued as a bonus with bonds or debentures. They are an inducement to assist in the sale of the issue.

Warrants normally accompany bonds during periods when common shares are more attractive to private investors than are senior issues.

The question might well be asked "why don't companies just sell common shares at such times?" The main reason is that large amounts of money necessary for company expansion cannot be raised by the sale of securities to private investors alone. It takes a combination of orders from Insurance, Trust Companies, etc., as well as individual investors, to successfully place an issue. The Insurance and Trust Companies are governed by Acts of Parliament allowing them to invest only a small portion of their funds in common stock issues. Thus when large amounts of capital are needed, bonds and debentures are used.

The private investor is an important factor in providing money to help industry expand. It is primarily for the "stock conscious" private investor that warrants are attached to bonds and debentures, so that he will be encouraged to lend his money too.

In summary, a bond or debenture with a warrant attached is not necessarily of any lesser worth than an ordinary debenture, and the investor, besides having the security of the debenture, has also a chance to share in company profits through the call on the common shares.

Bonds and debentures that carry warrants have a three-way market. The bonds can be traded with the warrants attached at one price. The bond alone is marketable at another price, and the detached warrants are saleable at a third price.

In July, 1951, Barvue Mines Ltd., issued $4,000,000 5% First Mortgage Sinking Fund bonds due Aug. 1, 1956, at a price of $99. These bonds carried warrants that allowed the owner of a $1000 bond to buy 80 shares of Barvue Mines common stock at a price of $3 per share, payable in cash. These warrants bore the stipulation that they could not be detached from the bond or used to purchase common shares until July 1, 1952, but were good after that date to July 31, 1956.

At the time of writing the approximate market prices are as follows: Barvue bonds with warrants attached $104; bonds without warrants $96; warrants alone $1.30. The common shares are trading at $3. This latter market price for the shares is, of course, the key price affecting the other prices with the exception of the bond without warrants. The bond alone at a price of $96 is selling at a figure indicative of its value as a straight investment.

Let us analyze these prices, keeping in mind that an investor who purchased a $1000 bond has a call on 80 shares of common stock at $3 per share. As the shares happen to be selling at $3, the calculations are relatively simple.

If an investor buys a $1000 bond with warrants attached he pays a price of $1,040. As the bond without warrants is worth $960, the investor is paying $80 to buy the warrants. As these warrants entitle him to buy 80 shares, the investor thus pays $1 per warrant so in effect he has paid $4 for each share if he exercises his warrants.

Why should the investor pay $4 per share when he can buy the same shares on the market to-day at $3? The answer is that the investor in buying the bond with the warrants attached obtains almost 5% on his money and has the security of the bond. He also obtains a call on the common shares at $3 until 1956.

We mentioned earlier that the price of the detached warrants on the Exchange is $1.30. Therefore a purchaser on the Exchange pays 30c more per warrant than if bought along with the bond. The reason for this is that it takes an investment of $1,040 to obtain warrants for 80 shares by buying the bond. This same amount of money would purchase warrants to buy 800 shares on the Exchange. The speculator thus can obtain 10 times as many warrants with presumably 10 times as much capital profit possibilities. By buying the warrants alone he gives up the security of the bond and the 5% coupon, and he pays 30c extra per share in the hope of larger profits.

Another outstanding example is the issue of Traders Finance Corporation 4½% due Oct. 1, 1967, presently trading with warrants at a price of $155, thus giving a paper profit of $550 on the original $1000 investment. A recent issue of Canadian Oil Companies Limited 5% sinking fund debentures, due December 1, 1972, also carried warrants.

There are very few bonds and debentures of this type on the market to-day. There will no doubt be many more with stock purchase warrants attached issued in the next few years. Those mentioned above have been and are worthwhile investments, and unquestionably any future issues of this type may well justify the careful consideration of investors.

J. Ross OSBORNE

Ashley & Crippen

D. A. WHITTAKER: Progress in paints.

Who's Who in Business

THE SAGA of the office boy who rises to the presidency of his company is a traditionally American one. In Canada such a man is rarer than he would be in the U.S. because, rightly or wrongly, a generation ago many an executive felt he could further his ambitions better South of the border than in the country of his birth.

Ontario-born Douglas Arthur Whittaker liked both his country and his $15-a-month office boy job with a paint company, so he stayed. Today, 48 years later, he heads the Sherwin-Williams Company of Canada Ltd., the largest in its field.

A tall (6 feet, 1½ inches, 194 pounds) cheerful man with white hair and a puckish grin, he lives in a bright apartment in north-east Montreal, occasionally walking the mile or so to his office.

A harmonious firm, so far as its employees are concerned, Sherwin-Williams can claim that at least a quarter of the people on its country-wide staff of 2,000 have, like its president, been with the firm for more than a quarter of a century.

Forty or fifty years ago, the company had only about 200 employees, with depots in Toronto and Winnipeg. Today, it has 10 Canadian plants and more than 60 branches.

"When I got into this business," Mr. Whittaker recalls, "anybody planning to redecorate a room had to allow about a week for the job. Paints were slow drying and most jobs needed several different coats, each with a specific function.

"Today they're all combined into a single paint that dries so fast that the furniture can be moved out after breakfast, the room painted, and everything put back by suppertime."

Gradually-acquired experience has resulted in the steady progress of both the industry and Douglas Whittaker's position in it, since those days.

Born in 1889 on a Morrisburg farm that had sheltered his United Empire Loyalist ancestors, he started his working life in 1905. Through the credit and accounting department, he moved up in the Sherwin-Williams hierarchy to the post of Secretary-Treasurer, was made assistant to the President in 1920, appointed managing director in 1932, and voted into the presidency eight years later.

Married in 1920, he has two sons, Charles and William, and two grandchildren, one of whom is the first girl to be born to the immediate family for almost half a century.

Curling has been his favorite sport since boyhood days and in addition to being twice President of the Montreal Caledonia Curling Club, he also has held the highest office open to a Canadian curling enthusiast—that of vice-president of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club of Scotland. "Nowadays, however," he says, with a laugh, "I curl in the grandfather's class on Saturday mornings."

On Sunday mornings, in the summer at least, he is to be found at his North Hatley home (about 90 miles from Montreal), every week-end.

Sherwin-Williams's president could give a vast amount of information about the industry's progress, his company's products and the increasing color consciousness of the public. But he is more apt to summarize, "If I have learned anything from life, from sport, from business, it is this: for a happy life, it is important to remember that what counts is people, not things."

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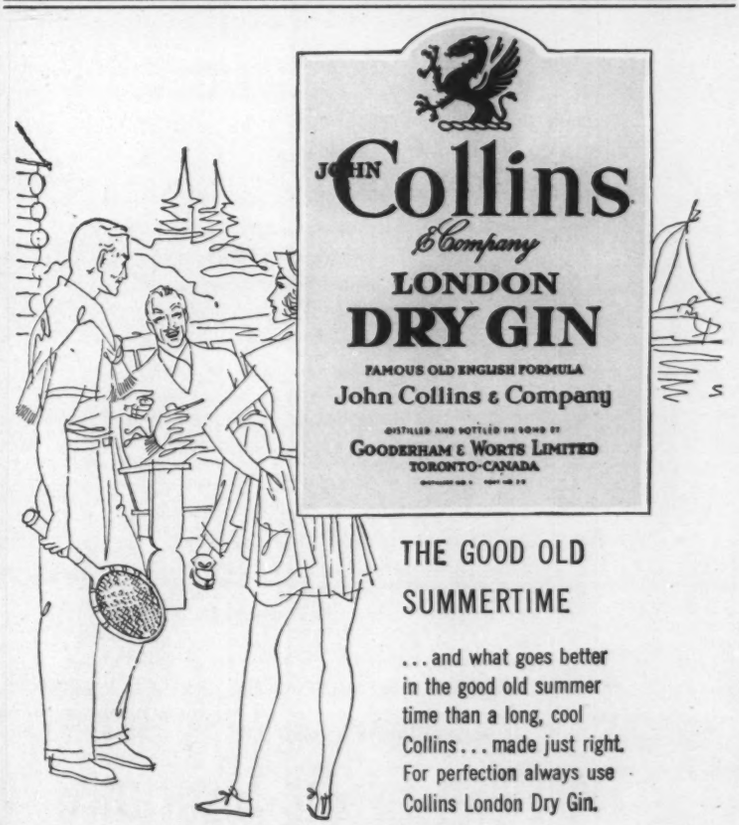

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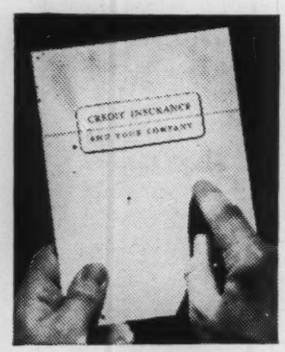

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The Money Market Problem

QUITE A LOT of concern is being shown these days over the rising trend of interest rates. The financial team in the new Eisenhower Administration, Treasury Secretary Humphrey and his deputy Randolph Burgess not only have been the subjects of considerable criticism for their actions in attempting to switch some of the U.S. public debt from short term bonds and notes that were purchased by banks and insurance companies into 30-year long-term bonds to be held mainly by the public, but they have also been getting demands that the sound money policy be discarded in favor of cheap money policies again.

Much of the clamor for cheap money, which means low interest rates, comes from some Congressmen and psuedo-economists of the labor unions who claim that the sound money policy will precipitate a recession.

Actually, the one major refunding the U.S. Treasury has undertaken has had little to do with the tightening of the money markets, which has exhausted many sources of loanable funds in the past few months.

The tightening process began in 1951 when the Federal Reserve Banks, which are the equivalent of the Bank of Canada here, refused to hold Government bonds at par any longer. This action caused bonds to fall under par, just as they have here under similar policies, and tended to freeze them in the hands of the banks and insurance companies. It also deflected the course of the economy from inflation to deflation.

Now, with demands for loans of all types—for inventory, for plant expansion and for financing the time payments on which some 70 per cent of consumer durable goods such as cars and TV sets are being sold—at record levels, the demand for the available amount of loan money is pushing interest rates higher.

The Treasury, with billions in short term notes to refund, must compete with other borrowers for funds, or resume the Roosevelt-Truman "money printing" process. The dangers of this were stressed in a recent speech by William McC. Martin, Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. He said "there are still some who would have us return to a pegged market. If we did, we would have no reliable safeguard against the erosion of our savings, our pensions, our life insurance policies—the capital upon which the institutions of private enterprise rest. There are no reliable substitutes for the free markets which have been reinstated during the past two years."

From the recent statements of the Treasury officials, it appears doubtful that they will depart very far from their sound money policy, despite the uproar of demand from those who want inflation forever. The Administration must make the hard decision to let the natural forces of the free markets function so as to flatten out the artificial credit boom it inherited from the Truman regime.

A year ago, the pace of the U.S. economy was slowing down under the weight of inventory liquidation; and the steel strike was being juggled for the most effective political timing with the active participation of Truman. The violent upsurge in steel demand that followed the strike gave the economy a potent shot in the arm. It was rapidly followed up by an equally potent dose, the dropping of consumer credit regulations. Together these events forced the pre-election boom that the New Dealers made so much of with their "you never had it so good" slogan.

The boom has been snowballed further by the enormous expansion of credit sales of all types. Now it is reaching the ceiling of the money supply. Banks and insurance companies in increasing numbers report they are refusing to make loans because they are running short of funds. They could increase their cash funds by selling some of their holdings of Government bonds, but as these bonds are below par, it would mean taking a loss. This they are naturally reluctant to do.

IF THE present "credit boom" is not to proceed to the runaway stage, and many competent authorities consider that the danger point is quite close, the economy must be slowed from its present feverish pace. Otherwise, the situation can develop into a repetition of 1921 or 1929. Money squeezes are not new in economic history; but it has been so long since the last squeeze that many of the younger businessmen have no experience to guide them.

It could easily happen that the Eisenhower Administration will be the unwilling reaper of the hurricane sown by the Keynesian policies of the Democrats. A bare year from now, the Republicans must face the test of a mid-term election. Control of both the Senate and Congress will hinge upon its results. Political strategy alone dictates that what must be done in the way of slowing the boom to a manageable pace must be done now or not at all. Thus it appears that the money market will remain tight. As a matter of fact, even if both the Treasury and the Federal Reserve backed down considerably from their present position, the effect would be small, for while money markets move slowly they tend to maintain a trend once it begins.

Some of the causes are international. It is an economic law that prices attract products. As deflation has gathered force in Europe, we have seen a flood of base metals, among other products, invade the American market; prices of lead and zinc have been nearly halved. The backflow of payment for these imports has had an effect upon the money supply, too.

Thus the major economic forces point toward a period of deflation, in the usual sequence of first commodities, then credit, then production.

W. P. SNEAD

Quarterly Reports

A DEFINITE need in Canadian business life is the more general publication of quarterly reports. Only a few major companies (most of these are listed on the New York Stock Exchange and must comply with its regulations) provide quarterly statements to their shareholders or the press for general publication.

The New York Stock Exchange, in its listing agreements, requires not only that a company must present an annual statement within three months of the close of the fiscal year, but also that "the Corporation will publish quarterly statements of earnings on the same basis of the same degree of consolidation as in the annual report. Such statements will show net profits before and after Federal taxes and disclose any substantial items of unusual or non-recurrent nature."

In addition to this, the Securities and Exchange Commission of the United States since 1946 has required that most companies having securities listed and registered on national securities exchanges file quarterly reports setting forth at least the dollar amount of sales or other gross revenues. Some companies, whose business fluctuates sharply according to the season, are exempt.

While many are of the opinion that quarterly reports are not desirable for companies that have considerable seasonable fluctuations in sales, and that these reports require too much effort, it cannot be too difficult a task. If the biggest companies can make such data available to their shareholders, there is no real reason why smaller companies cannot do the same.

There is the ancient and venerable argument that such disclosures provide too much information to competitors. Against this can be placed the constant stream of information that comes from such doughty competitors as General Motors and Chrysler. All the auto makers issue weekly reports of the cars they produce.

The concealment of corporate data from competitors seems a negative consideration, not so important as the positive and primary factors of keeping shareholders informed about the progress of their company.

IT IS axiomatic that the more people know about any situation the more confidence and trust can be generated, even when bad news is involved. Take, for instance, the first quarter report of Atlas Steels. The president, R. H. Davis, reported that earnings had dropped sharply in the first quarter. He also stated why and what the management was doing to correct the situation. While buyers re-appraised the situation and revised their bids downward, the stock still commands buyers' attention after its decline from 20 to 16½.

Suppose shareholders had had to wait until the annual report appeared next April, and were greeted, without preparation, with the news that earnings were down? We have all seen stocks that drifted down and down long before any official report appeared, with a final dive "on the news" when the usual "bare bones" annual report finally appeared. To lull the shareholder into a belief that all is well and then, after maintaining a stony silence, to hit him over the head with bad news, is not the best of public relations—or even a vindication of the trust placed in the management by the shareholders.

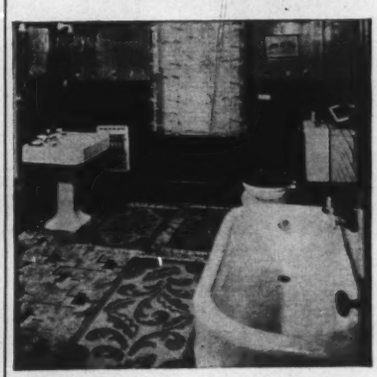
It is surprising that companies which do their best to advertise their products, and educate the public on the merits and usage of their wares, do not accord the same treatment to the stockholders, who, after all, are the owners of the business.

It is likely that public opinion eventually will force all but the most hidebound managements to consider the case for the investors. If the companies will not do it on a voluntary basis, then either the stock exchanges of this country will demand it as a listing requirement, as the New York Stock Exchange has done, or laws will be passed forcing companies to make such information public.

It is to the eventual benefit of everyone that the fullest possible information is provided. Investors, as anyone engaged in the securities business will tell you, tend to shy away from small companies which do not present their story well. With increasing competition for the investors' dollars evident in the rising trend of interest rates on corporate bonds, small companies must do more to sell investors on the merits of their securities. The best way is to tell everyone more about what they are doing.

W.P.S.

How to make a tired old Bathroom look young and fresh again!



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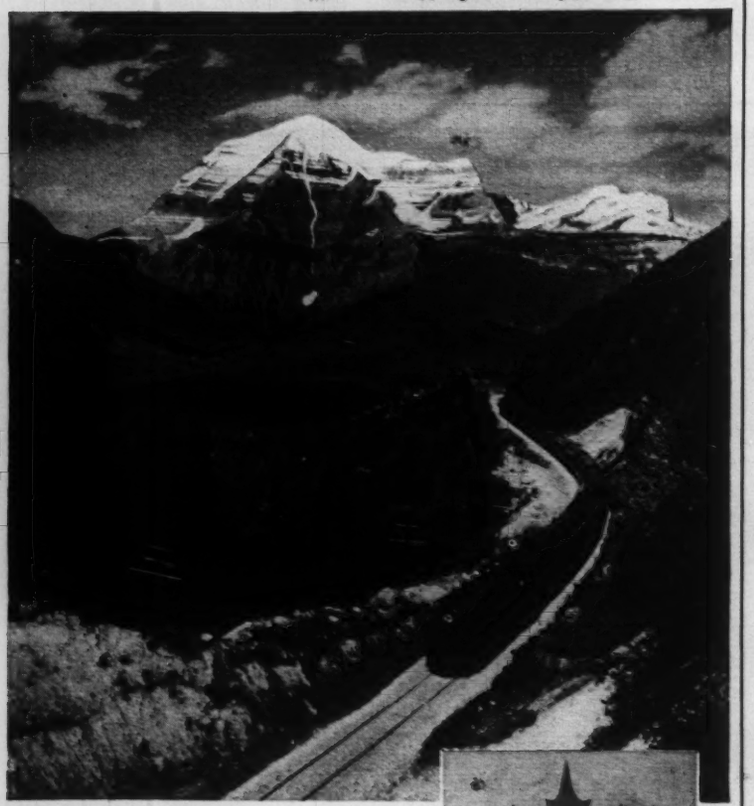

When you travel Canadian National across Canada, you can visit interesting cities — stop over at Minaki and Jasper Park Lodge — see towering Mount Robson (above), monarch of the Canadian Rockies — visit the exciting West Coast. And you ride in comfort all the way, East or West, on Canadian National's scenic rail route.

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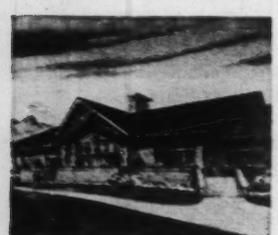

At Jasper, showplace of the Canadian Rockies, you can golf, ride, fish, swim — or merely relax luxuriously. The new central building of Jasper Park Lodge (shown above).

Canadian National's Continental Limited is the pleasant, luxurious way to travel to and from the West coast. Wide choice of accommodations. Excellent dining car meals.

To Canada's Provinces by the Sea you have a choice of The Ocean Limited, The Scotian and the Maritime Express.

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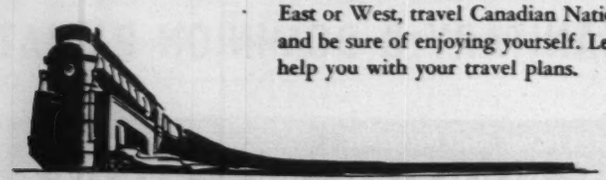

Travel

Grand Manan Island

I HAVE HEARD *many of my friends speak of Grand Manan Island as a pleasant place to visit. Are any events of particular importance held there?—J. W., Toronto.*

Grand Manan Island is one of the most picturesque spots in New Brunswick. The annual Grand Manan Hospital Fair is the social event of the season. This year the four-day program is scheduled for July 22-26. Well worth a visit is the famous collection of bird life, formerly owned by Allan Moses, now deposited in the Moses Memorial Museum in Grand Manan High School. The New Brunswick Travel Bureau is working with the Grand Manan Trade Board to develop tuna fishing in this area.

St. Pierre and Miquelon

I AM *intending to go to Sydney, Nova Scotia, shortly and thought that when I was that far east I might as well make a visit to St. Pierre and Miquelon. I have the necessary information about passport and visa, but how to get there?—(Miss) W. S., Toronto.*

There is a weekly sailing between Sydney, Nova Scotia and St. Pierre and the Miquelons, the French islands off the south east coast of Newfoundland. The *M.V. Miquelon*, which has 20 berths, makes the trip in 32 to 34 hours. The fare is $25. Joseph Salters are the agents in Sydney.

For a more leisurely trip there is an infrequent schooner service from Halifax which makes the round trip to St. Pierre and the Great and Little Miquelons, calling at Port aux Basques, Newfoundland.

Island of Hawaii

CAN YOU *tell me the best way to arrange a tour of the island of Hawaii and when and where I should make arrangements? — H. O. L., Ottawa.*

Tours of Hawaii Island fall into three categories: an all-expense tour bought and paid for before leaving home, a local tour arranged in Honolulu, and the free-lance, plan-your-own excursion.

The package trip of ten days, transportation, hotels, meals and sightseeing, costs between $418 and $460 first class, $78 less for tourist-class air travel. Briefly, this tour includes a stay in Honolulu, a motor trip through Hawaii National Park, and a visit to the lava tube, the fire crater of Kilauea Volcano, the Black Sand Beach, Captain Cook's landing spot and coffee plantations.

The local tours starting from Hilo cover many of the same roads. They cost $90 for a three-day stay, $72 for two days, $50 for one day. All prices include air fare, meals, sightseeing and automobile.

The traveller on his own can use the cheap but comfortable island buses, hire his own car or use a taxi. Round-trip bus fare to the Hawaii National Park and volcano is $2.30. Renting a car costs $8 a day and is recommended for the visitor staying a few days or a week. Maps are supplied by the Hawaii Visitor's Bureau and hotels.

Rhine "White Fleet"

CAN YOU *tell me if the famous pre-war ships which made the trips along the Rhine are again in operation? I have always wanted to make this trip.—B. A., Winnipeg.*

The Rhine River Steamship Navigation Company has announced that its famous "White Fleet" will be increased to 21 ships for this year's schedules, including the recently overhauled "Koeln" and the new, well-equipped "Goethe," carrying 2,600 passengers. The 1953 schedules cover the entire German stretch of the Rhine between Emmerich and Karlsruhe, including extension runs to Frankfurt. For the first time since 1939, the Line's super-express passenger service between Mainz and Cologne will be resumed.

Greenbrier

MANY *of my friends who have travelled South have spoken to me about a famous hotel called The Greenbrier. Could you tell me something about it and what it offers to visitors?—A. P. G., Edmonton.*

The Greenbrier Hotel, at Sulphur Springs, W. Va., has 6,000 acres of lawns, flowers and forests and is one of America's most beautiful and complete resorts.

Celebrating its 175th anniversary as a resort area, the Greenbrier started in 1778 when a rheumatic pioneer was given the first sulphur bath in the healing waters. The fame of the "cure" spread.

Even the fine golf courses have historical background. Here, in 1884, the first organized golf club in the United States was laid out by a group of Scotsmen.

The Greenbrier's attractions are also available to transients. The facilities, which are available when not being fully utilized by house guests, are: dining rooms, golf courses, swimming pool, baths department, horseback riding and bicycles.

There are three championship golf courses—the Old White, the Greenbrier, and the challenging Lakeside.

Car Rental

CAN YOU *tell me what it costs to rent a car in Germany this year? —W. F. P., Montreal.*

A German automobile may be rented for about $5 a day, and American-built cars run to $10. Gasoline costs approximately 64 cents a gallon.

Women

THREE-TIERED *bridal gown of acetate lace, from Paris.*

Conversation Pieces:

JUNE is the month of brides and pearls. The June birthstone is often the groom's gift to his bride, and ranges in color from delicate rose-white to black. Pearls are supposed to bring health and longevity to their wearers. Interesting advice on how best to keep your pearls lustrous and clean comes from a pearl expert: Take your bath with your pearls on. Treat them to a gentle soaping and steaming, and immediately afterwards, take them off and lay them flat on a towel to dry.

Niagara Falls reports a big increase in honeymooners since the showing of *Niagara*, in spite of the claim by certain officials that neither the film nor Marilyn Monroe did the city much good.

There was an international flavor in the marriage, in the Italian Embassy in Ankara, Turkey, of Patricia Carolyne McNeill, of California, and Michael Gauvin, of Quebec City, Second Secretary at the Canadian Embassy. Another Embassy Secretary and Quebec City man, Gerard Bertrand, was married in Paspebiac, Que., to Leona Levesque. They sailed June 2 for the Canadian Embassy in Japan.

Married: Doreen Patricia Anglin, daughter of Brigadier Gerald G. Anglin, CBE, of Rothesay, NB, to John Morrison Gandy, of Saint John and Montreal; Monique Lavallee, daughter of Major Lucien Lavallee, of Sherbrooke, Que., to Jean Dumas, of Quebec; international skater Jean Ann deWitt, of Regina, to hockey player "Jim" Owen; Elizabeth Emma Bacon to John Arnold Tory, both of Toronto.

New President of the Dominion Drama Festival is popular Mrs. Louis T. White, of Ottawa. She has been active in the DDF since its 1933 inception, and directed the play that won the top award in 1939.

A tall, striking brunette from Edmonton is secretary to the new Prime Minister of Pakistan. Eileen Alya Saddy met Mohammed Ali and his family when he was Pakistan's High Commissioner in Ottawa; she was in Washington with them, and now goes with them to Pakistan.

School trustee Mrs. Edith McDonald was chosen to be Liberal candidate for the Burnaby (BC) provincial riding.

A "Woman Engineer of the Year" is chosen annually by the American Society of Women Engineers. This year the choice is a Canadian—Vancouver-born Elsie Gregory MacGill, now practising in Toronto.

International interest in the Shakespearean Festival at Stratford, Ont., even extended to a two-page spread in a recent issue of *Vogue*.

Five women graduated in medicine from the University of Alberta: Lorna Laidlaw and Sheila McCully, of Medicine Hat, Alta.; Virginia MacKenzie, Spirit River, Alta.; Eleanor Sutherland, Nanaimo, BC; Evelyn Trueman, Red Deer, Alta.

Other graduating honors went to: Beatrice Grace Prodanchuk, of Canora, Sask., with a special prize in humanities, University of Saskatchewan; Doris Kavanagh, of Ottawa, who ranked first in the University of Ottawa Medical School; and Margaret Marian Moodie, of Vancouver, the first University of British Columbia student to win a British scholarship in Science.

The Queen has graciously agreed to accept, on her official June 11 birthday, a gift of 100 Canadian roses from the rose lovers of Canada.

La Ligue de la Jeunesse Feminine of Montreal is holding a fashion show, June 7, at the Mont Gabriel Club, in the Laurentians, to obtain funds for their vacation camp.

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First Lady

MAMIE EISENHOWER is a friendly, photogenic First Lady. Not only is she one of America's first Fashion Ten, but she is also the land's leading hostess.

What does this mean? It means that as mistress of the White House, she shakes hands with as many as 7,000 women in one week; that she plans formal dinners, loaded with protocol; that she often poses for her picture—helping various charitable organizations—three times in a day; that she is constantly planning details of social functions and receptions, with the help of a competent domestic staff; and above everything else, that she manages to stay well groomed—a time-consuming proposition.

The other evening I dined with General Howard Snyder, personal physician and close adviser to the President, and Mrs. Snyder. The Snyders are old friends of the Eisenhowers and often are aboard the President's plane when he leaves Washington on business and rare holiday trips.

"Mamie just loves people," said Alice Snyder. "It's no effort for her to greet hundreds of people, to smile and talk and listen and sympathize. Why, she's the most contented woman I know. She feels good inside, and this inner glow shows in her outward personality.

"Just because people come from Denver—Mamie's home town—they all think they have a right to get into the White House and shake her hand. All they want is to go back home and say they were received by the President's wife, but she sees them all."

If you are in the same room with Mrs. Eisenhower you sense her ease, her well-being and her complete naturalness. I've seen women nervous as scared rabbits awaiting the arrival of the First Lady. But once she's there, tension is dispersed by her ready, easy smile and by her obvious pleasure at having been invited.

AT A service wives' luncheon, an Air Force wife was left breathless by the greeting she got from the First Lady. "I haven't seen Mrs. Eisenhower since 1937 and she remembered my first name!" she said.

At the same party, Mrs. Eisenhower dispensed with the secret service men, telling them to wait at the door. When the time came for her to leave, she was asked if she wanted them to escort her from the luncheon table down the long hall to the door. "Nonsense," she said, "tell them to wait where they are. I'm at home here."

Just recently she became a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, qualifying on the basis of an ancestor who fought with General Washington. This brings about a rapprochement between the DAR and the White House. Relations have been anything but friendly during the last two administrations. However, in one afternoon 4,000 Daughters of the American Revolution swarmed into the White House determined to shake hands with their newest member, the President's wife. Halfway through, the Newest Member tried to take a ten-minute breather, leaving the hand-shaking to Mrs. Nixon, the Vice-President's wife, and the Cabinet wives. There was a storm of protest from those in line who felt they had been slighted and "second rated". Mrs. Eisenhower rushed back into the line of duty and completely charmed those who were raising a row.

Canada Wide

MRS. DWIGHT EISENHOWER *greets wives of Chamber of Commerce officials in convention in Washington: front row, Mrs. L. F. Lee of Florida, Mrs. Eisenhower, Mrs. D. A. Hulcy of Texas. Second row, Mrs. D. L. Morrell of Montreal, wife of the general manager of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, Mrs. A. Booth of Washington and Mrs. Lewis W. Simms of Saint John, NB.*

At a luncheon the other day, the fashion show commentator presented Mamie with a hat—clusters of lilac on a head-hugging, off-the-face model. She doffed her old hat (the one she wore for the inauguration) and donned the new one, without even a peek in a mirror.

She loves new hats, pretty clothes, fine furs. She likes parties, too. General Snyder watches her health closely but sees no signs of fatigue. She knows how to relax while she works. She manages the family finances, and finds time, even at the White House, to baby-sit with her two small grandchildren.

In 1937, when the late King and his Queen visited Canada, I was perched on the roof of a warehouse waiting to report the arrival of the royal train for a daily paper. I was close enough to the platform to see the Royal Party when it finally arrived. I had been sitting on the roof since 6 o'clock in the morning and a fine thin rain was falling. My mood matched the color of the sky. But I shall never forget how thrilled I was when I saw the Queen. She had a glow—an inward yet visible warmth which shone through her perfect complexion. The cold and the rain and the long wait were instantly forgotten.

I have the same feeling about Mamie Eisenhower. She has the glow, the subtle way of bringing all around her into her charmed circle. Her skin is creamy white, her eyes are dark and sparkling, and her beautiful arms and hands are still smooth and strong as in youth. Photographers heaved a sigh of relief when the Eisenhowers won. "Pictures of them are easy to take and easy to get into print," said one news agency man.

CLOSE friends have tried to get Mrs. Eisenhower to change the style of her hair, but she has always refused. Her bangs, she claimed, took away the blank look of her high forehead. And now she's started a whole new fashion. Right after the inauguration, a survey of Washington hairdressers revealed the startling fact that over 3,200 women had switched to bangs. And you can multiply that number by thousands of women all over the country.

Mrs. Eisenhower is as American as her Iowa birthplace, in her choice of food. Her favorite is corn on the cob. In fact, the first thing she had planted in the garden of their home in France was Iowa corn. Her favorite dinner is southern-fried chicken, home-baked beans, apple pie and cornbread. Not a meal for anyone on a slenderizing diet.

Her views on sports and politics are simple. She doesn't indulge in the former nor talk about the latter. But like any good Republican, Mrs. Eisenhower knows that there's work to be done—hard work—if the GOP is to obtain a majority in the House next year. And nobody can work harder than Mamie.

JOYCE TEDMAN AUSTIN

Fashion

JUNE, named after Juno, the goddess of marriage, is traditionally the bridal month.

This year, Paris and New York have been promoting pastel wedding dresses, in pink, blue and even a foamy sea green. In a Spring Fashion show for brides-to-be, Eaton's of Toronto displayed one gown in blue nylon point d'esprit, with an extravagantly full skirt, and with paillettes glittering on the bodice and long sleeves. The bridesmaid wore the identical dress in waltz length, without the glitter. Another bride, with a garden wedding in mind, was dressed in palest pink, with appliqued white roses; and the bridesmaids were in frosted organdy, in deeper pink and in pale blue.

Whatever Paris and New York may say about pastel wedding gowns, Canadian women are traditionally conservative, and not many have been won over to the idea of color, according to Claire Dreier, Bride's Counsellor for Toronto Eaton's Wedding Bureau.

Oddly enough, Miss Dreier points out, white was not always the popular color for brides. In early days brown was a favorite choice, and even vivid shades were used. It was not until the 19th century that white came into its own.

One recent bride who had a "different" wedding gown was skater Joyce Phelan of Toronto. For her May 30 wedding she chose antique ivory nylon over ivory taffeta and had Eaton's cut up an heirloom veil of rose point lace for the trimming. The seven bridesmaids and the matron of honor were in varied colors.

Make-up for brides should be delicate: a light foundation, then a touch of rouge and lipstick, in such a glowing shade as Elizabeth Arden's new "Pink Perfection". And brides might remember to hang a sachet bag —or snap on one of Mary Chess's scented covers—on the hanger that holds the wedding dress. In a few days the dress will take on the fragrance.

MARGARET NESS

• •

A Little Bored?

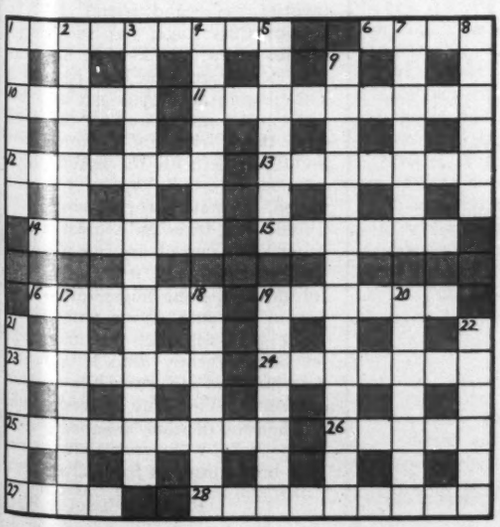
By LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. Applaud the directorate for building homes. (9)
6. 21. Not appropriate wives for sea lords! (10)
10. Not a rope of pearls, but it might twirl around a jewelled head-piece. (5)
11. See 21
12. Field of death for Scott's Marmion and Scot's James IV. (7)
13. It's hardly right to consider it a nice tax. (7)
14. Taken off to be married with one Scotch inside. (6)
15. But the G.O.P. didn't take him as a member of the underground. (6)
16. Stoker poker? (3, 3)
19. Heathen Lacedaemon produced twine, it appears. (6)
23. Monte Cristo's narration? (7)
24. Is it a change for a spy to get in a jam? On the contrary, but it suits him. (7)
25. No! We think about this not being in the dark. (2, 3, 4)
26. First person to hand out cards? (5)
27. A fountain of youth? (4)
28. I saw a great deal, he might have said. (9)

DOWN

1. How an R.A.F. ace took to the bottle? (6)
2. The question of how real a model should look shows a feeling for style. (1,2,4)
3. Is across may be used for this purpose, perhaps. (8, 6)
4. Crooked dealing, brought into line. (7)
5. Does Winston's dog turn sots away from the street? (7)
7. Taking tea in to ma when upset will buck her up. (7)
8. Figures on the fingers? (6)
9. It puts pep in a julep mixed with an ice base. (9, 5)
17. Your "ex", summoned to appear in court, would naturally be so. (7)
18. Bottom left Titania, but she picked up a hundred in the same place. (7)
19. Authorize me to go up to the man with the models. (7)
20. Nothing to say? Then give it a negative approach. (7)
21, 11. Expectant mothers? (6-2-7)
22. The masonry needs a bit of a wash, Larry. (6)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. God Save the Queen
9. Inkwell
10. Grecian
11. Assai
12. Sic
13. Noble
14. Smears
17. Amperes
20. Artisan
21. Re-echo
23. Elgar
25. Bib
27. Motto
29. Titania
30. Unteach
31. Coronation chair

DOWN

1. Guitar
2. Dukes
3. Americans
4. Eblis
5. Highchair
6. Queen
7. Edinburgh
8. Nonsense
15. Mitigater
16. Sand-blast
18. Pneumatic
19. Majestic
22. Mother
24. Run-in
26. Bruno
28. Tiara

(264)

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Food

WILD RICE is the delight of epicures today and there doesn't begin to be enough to go around. It is expensive, and almost as hard to get as the truffles of Perigord. The wild rice season is short and the supply quickly exhausted. Winnipeg gourmets find it available more readily than anyone else in Canada, because of their proximity to the Lake of the Woods area, in which it grows. In large centres, it can be found in a few of the best shops.

Wild rice is not really rice at all, being the long seed of an oat-like grass that grows in a few inches of water. It began its now highly sophisticated career as the "manomin" or "good grain" of the Indians and was so esteemed as food that for centuries the Sioux tribes warred for control of the wild-rice fields. Now, in northern Minnesota and across the Canadian border it is still an Indian crop, lost in the wilds, and harvested by the Indians as they pole their flat-bottomed boats along in the shallow water, bending the long grass over into the boats and then flailing off the heads. For their own use they parch the seeds in fire-pits in the earth, but they sell most of their rich crop green.

In a few establishments, modern machinery is used to prepare the wild rice, but since the crop is so unpredictable, most of it is taken care of by individuals who use oil drums revolving over slow fires for the parching, and home-made fans to remove the husks.

With venison, wild duck, or squab, nothing is more delicious than the bland nut-like "manomin", as more and more people are discovering. The demand far exceeds the supply, and is rapidly growing. Ten years ago, the Indians were happy to sell the green rice for five cents a pound; last year at Bemidji, the centre of the wild-rice area, they got forty-two cents; husked and delicately roasted, the rice sells for $2.25 a pound.

The wild crop is highly variable in quantity and quality, and considerably dependent on the whims and other occupations of the Indians who harvest it.

The price may go sky high. As my favorite road-stand friend, Mr. Teters of Cass Lake, has been telling me for years: "Folks that likes that stuff don't care what they pay for it. They'll grab at all you got and they don't make no fuss about the price. Say, they's rich folks from down South, up here for the fishin', they'll take back a year's supply, if I got it to sell, no matter what it costs."

Wild rice takes up a great deal of water. One cup of dry rice will serve four people. Soak it in cold water for three or four hours, drain, then put in a kettle, cover with boiling water to a depth of two inches and let simmer gently until it is tender. Add salt and *Ac'cent* while cooking, and serve with plenty of fresh butter.

I find the delicate "manomin" especially right with crisp butter-fried little brook trout or fresh silver smelt.

FRANCES SHELLEY WEES

Lighter Side

Coronation Decor

ALL THROUGH the spring, my friend Miss A. had been arguing with Mr. Primrose, her landlord, about the re-decoration of her apartment. The argument had all been on Miss A's part. Mr. Primrose, an amiable but elusive person, had faithfully promised to appear with samples of wall-paper the next time he was in the neighborhood. Then he never turned up. He had even made appointments, which he invariably failed to keep.

"I intend to get that decorating job out of him if it kills me," Miss A. said.

In the end, however, she gave up. One day at lunch, she announced that she had done the work herself. "And you'll never guess with what," she added.

"Shellac and Quaker Oats?" I asked. It had been one of her decorating ideas.

Miss A. shook her head. "You know I've been collecting Coronation pictures from the papers all year for a scrap-book," she said. "They kept piling up and piling up, and one day I had the brilliant inspiration, why not use them to paper the apartment! So I went ahead and did."

"All of it?" I said, and Miss A. nodded. "Practically. I had to use part of the Royal Tour to finish up behind the overdrapes, but you'd never notice. Come up after lunch and see it."

I wandered about Miss A.'s apartment, studying pictures of the Royal Guard, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the Royal Papuan-New Guinea Constabulary, the Royal horses undergoing sound-proofing courses, the Royal Air Force flying over the Victoria Memorial, a rigid, neon-lighted Royal footman riding down Piccadilly in the Royal Coach.

"Even the bathroom!" Miss A. said.

I stepped into the bathroom and studied a border of peeresses in velvet and miniver over the towel-rack.

"They're only viscountesses," Miss A. said, "so it doesn't matter so much if they get splashed. The higher ranking groups are in the front room . . . Well how do you like it?"

"It's awfully interesting," I said, "only it does make you feel sort of closed-in. I mean I feel rather like a box-item in the Illustrated London News".

Miss A. led the way into the dinette. "Now here I've used our own cabinet ministers' wives and local dignitaries etc. as a sort of dado," she said. "It's nice, isn't it? Only I wish they'd let themselves be photographed in color—Mrs. Drew in silver satin, Madame St. Laurent in silver and ice-blue, Mrs. Howe in amethyst and silver lamé—"

"You could touch them up with aluminum paint," I said.

"Careful," Miss A. said sharply. "You're leaning against Mayor Charlotte Whitton."

I sat down rather shakily and lit a cigarette at the cork end. Miss A. sat down opposite. "I was rather shocked to read that the wife of one Member of Parliament said she was going to wear a ten-year-old pair of silver slippers that cost $3.95 to the Coronation ceremony," she said.

"Which one is she?" I asked, and Miss A. said she hadn't included her in the decorative scheme. "As a matter of fact, I used her to line Rudyard's cage," she said.

Rudyard the parrot roused at that. "God!" he said.

"Rudyard!" Miss A. said sharply. "Say it correctly."

Rudyard stared at her moodily. "God bless," he began, and ruffled his breast feathers. Then he croaked in a burst of republicanism, "God Bless America."

"Ignore him," Miss A. said quietly, "he's just upset with the changes." She went over and opened a closet door. "I used the pictures of the New Zealand, South African and Australian delegations in the clothes closet," she said. "They're not quite so interesting, but I felt that for the sake of patriotism they ought to be included."

"It's supposed to be a good moth-preventive," I said.

"Patriotism?" Miss A. said. "Goodness I never knew that . . . Just a minute, there's someone at the door."

It was Mr. Primrose the landlord, who had shown up at last with his samples of wall-paper. He came in and stared, looking a little dazed.

"It's a Coronation Scheme," Miss A. said. "I finally did it myself."

He continued to stare. "I suppose it will come off," he said.

"I have no intention whatever of taking it off," Miss A. said.

He considered, then brightened. "Then you won't want the decorating job done," he said, and pocketed his samples. He studied a picture of the Royal family on the Buckingham Palace balcony, and took off his hat, which he had forgotten to remove. "Very, very lovely," he said.

Miss A. was thoughtfully silent after he left, obviously divided between pride in her own decorating scheme and regret at the forfeiture of her landlord's. "I think I'll just send him a bill for $100," she said at last. "After all, I did all the work, besides supplying the material."

MARY LOWREY ROSS

•

Coronation Sausages in full color, Red, White and Blue.—*Advertisement in the Cambridge (England) Daily News.*

Does Sir Hugh Casson know about this?

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IT'S HARD to realize that less than one hundred years ago aluminum was a precious metal, priced at $17 an ounce. In fact, Queen's University at Kingston, Ont., presented the first graduate from its chemistry course with an aluminum medal in 1858.

Nowadays the price of aluminum is 18c a pound. How is it that a dollar buys *as much* aluminum today as it did before the war, while it buys so much *less* of most other things? One big reason is the increasing use of aluminum — ten times that of 15 years ago. Volume production keeps production costs down. Aluminum is not only light and strong — it is low in price too. Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan).

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The Backward Glance

23 Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

IN 1930 the party standings in the House of Commons were much closer than they are today. Following the election in 1927, the House was divided: Liberals 116 seats and Liberal-Progressives 9, as against 90 Conservatives, 11 United Farmers of Alberta, 12 Progressives, 3 Labor, and 2 Independents. A new election had been called for July 28, and Prime Minister Mackenzie King was frankly dubious about the Liberal chances of re-election.

He proved to be a sound political prognosticator, for R. B. Bennett and his Conservatives came to power in July. This was probably the most useful political defeat Mackenzie King ever suffered, for the Conservative Party became the scapegoat for the Depression (which was then acquiring a capital D). If the Liberals had won, the Western farmers would have been driving "King Buggies" rather than "Bennett Buggies", and many thousands of voters might have shied away forever from the Liberal Party instead of from the Conservatives. For those who don't know, a "Bennett Buggy" was the motorless chassis of an automobile, to which the farmer hitched Old Dobbin, and used as an automotive hay-burner, not being able to afford gasoline.

In the U.S., former President Herbert Hoover will live in the language as the namesake of shanty towns called "Hoovervilles", and in Canada, R. B. Bennett will always have the distinction of having a means of locomotion named after him: the horse-drawn automobile.

Under the heading, Cock-eyed Legislative Proposals, the Front Page scoffed at the Hon. Ernest Lapointe's list of amendments to the Criminal Code. One amendment was to prohibit publication of horse racing information, and another granted special privileges to faith healers. SATURDAY NIGHT blamed the proposed racing information ban on a "Toronto newspaper which has long sought to capitalize its professed piety." The faith healing amendment was meant to exonerate those who neglected to call a physician, or submit to surgery, if they were "persons using or depending on prayer or spiritual means for the treatment of human ailments . . ."

This proposed amendment (which had been defeated twice before in the Senate) reminds us that there are hundreds of fanatics who would watch their children die rather than call a doctor. At times they are taken to court, but many of them must escape temporal punishment. That is one of the things that scares us about going to Hell—the pseudo-religious nuts we are sure to meet there.

A picture of golfers at the Toronto Golf and Country Club showed several players teeing off, all wearing plus fours. With the notable exception of Bobby Locke, nobody would be found dead in a pair of knickers today, although we remember how proud we were of ours. The pair we had were voluminous enough to hide our bowlegs. Come to think of it, we still believe they were the best male garb ever invented for golf, skating, hikes up the Don River, and other such wasteful pleasures of our dissolute youth.

"At The Theatre" contained a lead piece about an actress called Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, then appearing as Magda at the New Theatre. There's nothing in the article to tell us who Magda was or where the New Theatre was located. Apparently she was pretty good in the part; we suppose she must have been to hold a stage job with a handle like Ffrangcon-Davies. In her day she was probably responsible for the suicides of a generation of compositors and sign-painters.

And who should have his photograph on the Book Page but our old friend Rudy Vallee, sans megaphone and adenoids. It seems he had written a book (or had it written for him) called *Vagabond Dreams Come True*, which is the type of corny title you'd expect it to have. Say what you like though, we thought he was the cat's meow in 1930, and many a night we stayed awake fiddling with the dials of our '29 model mantel radio (that had a façade like a Gothic cathedral) tuning his orchestra in from some New York night spot. As a matter of fact, we liked him even after all the wiseacres deserted him for deeper-voiced singers, which goes to prove that we have a poor ear for music.

The year 1930 must assume its responsibility, along with several earlier years, for the cloche hat, the most unattractive piece of feminine headgear since women developed heads. There were several photographs in the Women's Section of young matrons (a matron is a rich housewife) wearing hats that were probably handed on to their daughters for tea cosies. Another thing we noticed on the Society Page was the old-look of brides. Perhaps we are wrong in this, but it seems to us that brides are far younger and more beautiful today than they were twenty years ago. This may be a mere figment of our imagination, as is the thought we entertain some mornings that everyone on the streets is ugly, while at other times the world is populated with Circean females and Adonis-like young men.

And still another old tabloid character turned up in the Financial Section, in a photograph showing Sir William Henry Bragg, Director of the Royal Institute of Great Britain, and John F. Stevens, the planner of the Panama Canal. Between them, looking ready to take it on the lam at the word "boo!" was the wealthy donor of medals to both of these scientists, Samuel Insull of Chicago, who now ranks with Ponzi and the Spanish Prisoner racketeers as one of the greatest swindlers the world has ever known.

J.S.W., Windsor, Ont., asked Gold & Dross whether the purchase of Distillers-Seagrams stock was warranted. G & D advised him to buy it, but qualified the statement by saying, "I would not, of course, advocate its purchase by a conservative investor." As an old purchaser of Seagram's ourselves (plus Walker's, Corby's and Gooderham and Worts) we would substitute the word "cautious" for "conservative". Another investor, R. W., of Winnipeg, asked for some information on Noranda, "in view of the copper situation." He went on to say, "I hear there is some fairly good gold-bearing ore that should make things better." You said it, pal!

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. in its advertisement warned against typhoid fever. Since 1930 the number of deaths from this disease has dropped steadily, until now typhoid fever is outranked only by scarlet fever as the least deadly of all the virulent diseases in Canada.

And in Pascoe's Men's Wear advertisement we see that golf knickers were on sale from $3.50 to $6.50 a pair for plus fours and plus sixes.

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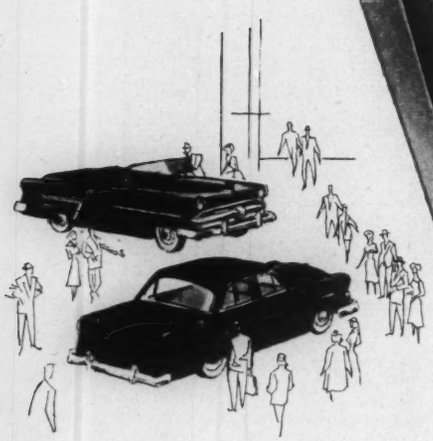

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